

NEWS
FROM
PARNASSUS,

In the Abstracts and Contents of three
Crown'd Chronicles, relating to
the three Kingdoms of
England, Scotland and Ireland.

IN A
POEM,

Divided into Two Parts :

First, To the KING,
Secondly, To the Subjects of
the said Three Kingdoms.

Dedicated to his Majesty.

By a Servant to Mars, and a Lover of the Muses,
WILLIAM MERCER.

Sunt mala, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt bona plura.

London, Printed by M. W. for the Author, 1682.



TO THE
Majesty of GREAT BRIT-
TAIN, FRANCE and IRELAND,
CHARLES STUART,
ANAGRAMS.

I Charles Stuart.

Anagrams

1. *A Cleart he'rt is sur'*
2. *T' serv Christ at al*
3. *I al trust has Care*
4. *X' cure all hurt hearts.*

Carolus Stuart.

Anagram

5. *At tu ros Clarns.*

Charles Stewart, King.

Anagram

6. *Sucking as real crush.*

Carolus Secundus, Anglia, Scotia, & Hibernia, Re.
Anagram

7. *Ave, sinus longe arboris huic leni dexter est.*

I Charles Rex.

Anagram

8. *I he 'xcels rare.*

Scotland's King.

Anagram

9. *Scots kind Angel.*

Charles Stuart.

Anagram

10. *Rule Chast Star.*

A Paraphrase on the Anagrams, in two Parts.

The Argument.

TEN Anagrams united, now agree;
Which when you know, fall down upon your knee:
Adore the King with works of Loyal wonder,
Whose Anagrams agree so, set asunder.
But Knaves combine, albeit they can be wrackt,
As will appear, perusing this Abstract.
O! if men might consider seriously
What is said here, by such an one as I;
For when the Ark is open'd once, then they
Will wish the Hills heap'd on their heads that day.

The First Part.

THOUGH seven were set, three more I dar'd to do,
And then contriv'd King *Charles* Acrostick too:
Three more make ten, and draws the door to Loke,
Paying my precious Prince both Tythe and Stoke.
Seven Anagrams I say, add three, and then
Three set to seven, make very truly ten.
I Charles Rex, and *Scots* natural King,
Whence these two Anagrams, truly too, I bring
1. *I he 'xcels rare*, and 2. *Scots kind Angel*,
None give such Anagrams in the whole Evangel;
No Kings name neither, but *Charles Rex* shew these
I he 'xcels rare; unparallel'd in Praise;

Then in this Title of *Scotlands King*, I do
 This Anagram also, *Scots kind Angel* too:
 And all the rest, press whensoever you please,
 You get not nine such Anagrams as these:
Kind Angel coming down daily from above,
 Makes Trinity in Unity, live in Love.
 An Example also flows forth of the same,
 Thus from King *Charles* his glorious diadem.
 Whence one in three, and three in one now I
 Do bind, but bring no blot of Blasphemy:
 Nor do I neither rashly run on Rocks,
 My Doctrine's duly render'd Orthodox:
Scotlands King's England's King, and his Throne
 Owns *Ireland* also; now there's three in one.
 So Trinity, in such a sacred sense
 Acts Unity, without a false offence.
 Nine Anagrams so united, now do stand,
 And all are at one Gracious Kings command.
Charles Stuart, *Flow King*; one of the ten too are
 His Anagram, and that's this, *Rule Chast Star*.
 Still rule, *Chast Star*, and all your days adorn,
 As did the Star that day that you were born.
 Which deckt that day; a very sacred sign,
 A Star at noon, beside the Sun to shine.
 Wherefore with these signs in your Arms that are,
 Rose, Thistle, Luce, Harp, there also stands the Star:
 All which Signs shew us that our Sovereign must,
 As he is Sacred, be so served Just.
 For Kings are Gods, the Sacred Psalmist says,
 Though Death, their Deity, daily disobey:
 And I say also, only this for that,
 This being all I'm always aiming at,
 King *Charles* is Christ's Anointed, no less now
 Anointed and United also too.
 Wherefore whom God doth doubtless so combine,
 At such no Subject should dare to repine:

For being Gods Vice-gerent, and so Just,
 Bound to Obedience all men meekly must :
 I say, even must, and must as truly too
 Do what such good King bid us daily do.
 So all is said, which I profest before,
 Even to a tittle, till I can say no more.
 But for my fault, prophaning of so high
 A name as doth demonstrate Majesty,
 And put in Print my prating thereupon,
 So nigh the Scepter, and my Sovereigns Throne,
 Deserves Death ; but before I do condemn
 My self, if I can humbly touch the hem
 Which hath the Honour as to be about
 Your Sacred self, albe't it be without,
 I can implore, and humbly prostrate lye
 Before your Foot-stool, if I dye I dye.
 But *Cesar* seldome was offended, when
 A Souldiers faults flow'd from affection, then
 He smil'd, and said, let him not from me fly
 Till I relieve him for his Loyalty.
 Poets are priviledg'd to put rags in Rhime,
 When they in Prose cannot proclaim a Crime :
 So I, Great Sir, Swear you in Rhime, read what
 Knaves are in your three Kingdoms aiming at :
 For not embracing Bribes for to forbear
 (Though I'm abstruse in this my Abstract here)
 My Chronicle shall every case disclose,
 Not sparing Friends more than I favour Foes.
 But I conclude, because I'm not Scholastick ;
 For to the King to constitute this Acrostick,
 Offends : wherefore to cure all discontents,
 I trust King *Charles's* grains of Ingredients.
 Now having on the Anagrams play'd so plain,
 Receive this Sonnet of our Sovereign.

Acrostick.

C an Art and Nature, in a Muse like mine,
H eaven not inspiring special pow'r divine,
A ttain unto a Princes parts so high,
R eigning and Ruling so Religiously?
L o *England* only, more than *Europe* ever
E stablish's Trophies t' be abolisht never.
S urely our Sovereign's covered with a Crown.

S o three Crowns crave of *Carolus Rex* renown,
T riumphant Arches, Statues Crown'd with Bays,
U nstain'd, as streams of *Phæbus* fairest Rays.
A ll his Atchievements, Choice, mauger those that dare
R ebel ; but if? then they as early are
T rod under foot. Triumphant awful Arms,
With help from Heav'n, keep good *K. Charles* from harms

The Second Part.

I Charles Stuart.

Anagram

1. *A cleart he'rt is sur'*
2. *T' serv' Christ at al*
3. *Al trust has Care*
4. *I cure al hurt harts.*

' **A** *Cleart heart is sure t' serve Christ at all hours.*
These Anagrams and Attributes are ours,
Saith good King *Charles*, whose Vertuës weigh not far
From what King *Solomon's*, and just King *Joshua's* are:
Then let all Subjects see his Sacred Throne
Establish'd still in his Succession.

*Al trust has Care, when Subjects it receives :
Kings care not much till Trusties turn to Knaves.*

*Al trust has Care, which when I well construe,
And on you cast it, Subjects should be true.*

Such Skill exceeds all Sciences and Arts,

King Charles faith truly, I cure all hurt:harts :

As he is King, his Faith yet fail'd him never,

His Sacred Touch hath cur'd one evil ever.

I trust all Cares, faith King, and use all Arts,

I Cure all hurts that harbour in your hearts.

And though my self lye by Bethesda sure,

My Sovereign Master can command my Cure.

Carolus Stuart.

Anagram

At tu ros Clarus.

A Religious roundel upon this *Latin* Anagram.

A *T tu ros Clarus*, we know can cleanse us clear,
Should the Devil outdare us, *At tu ros Clarus*,
His Malice could not mar us, though our spots appear,
At tu ros Clarus, we know, can cleanse us clear.

The Anagram Englished.

But thou clear dew.

Words of such worth, albeit but few,
When best men bad have been,
What stains can Satan on them strew,
But thou clear dew, canst clean?

Charles

Charles Stewart, King.

Anagram

Sucking as real truth.

S*ucking as real truth* in Streams
From his Queen Mothers Breast,
As it is true, that sucking seems
For new-born Babies best.

Because some Reader suddenly may censure
My roundel, I dare, as a desperate Fencer
Defend, from them that's so pursuing me,
As in these Lines ensuing, you may see.
Even so, since one word will the wrath provoke,
These few Lines following shall gain-stand the stroke.
This Anagram goes high, with a Sacred Wing,
In which I thus attribute to the King.
Great men (almost) of Kings great values want,
And yet (in Scripture) are call'd Gods, you'll grant.
Then take my sayings in such sense, and I
Shall not be censur'd saying Blasphemy :
For such Expressions from *Parnassus* Pen
Prove not profane, but only amongst men.
Nor doth the thing in order seem so odd,
Because the King doth govern as a God.

On the Anagrams in General.

Or add, or alter, or leave out one Letter,
I may, to make the Anagram the better :
And if you say my hand in it doth halt,
Make one, I'll wager you fall in the fault.
For this affords my freedom in the thing,
Cum Privilegio, it is for the King.

Though

Though all these Anagrams I with care contrive,
The sixth suck'd real truth to confirm the five.

I said I left my *Latin* at the School,
But I did lye, I lost it like a Fool :
For when I on this Anagram did fall
I found but these four *Latin* words at all,
Which I with gladness gave (indeed) for fear
My *Latin* fail'd, left them in *English* here,
But thou clear dew.

Upon *Parnassus* Mount this morning
I saw the Sacred nine adorning
Themselves ; so I implor'd their Power
But to inspire my Pen one hour,
To humour it : They ask'd in what ?
And promis'd when I told them, that
They would assist ; and so should be
My Judges, do what's fit for me :
I told them this was almost all
My fault, whether I stand or fall,
Seven Anagrams I granted I
Had made upon his Majesty,
And saw each Syllable of the same
Within my Sovereign's Sacred Name ;
As also wherein every one
Allude unto his Royal Throne :
And thought the things would better be
If they but blew their breath on me.
Saying, should they display their Banner,
The meaning must exceed the manner.
Though words would shew but weak inventions,
In some things there lye strong intentions.
Four of them sure the same in sence,
Almost of equal consequence :

The fifth is easie to be seen,
 A dew divine that washeth clean :
 Which lyes in *Latin*, I alledge,
 Expressing Princely Priviledge.
 But though it lyes in *Latin* now,
 I turn't in *English* unto you.
 Because I am no Book-bred Bard,
 I play best with the plainest Card.
 The sixth, much more than all the other,
 Suckt real truth from his Queen-Mother.
 And if you ask how a King became
 The Author of this Anagram:
 No name but it can Parallel,
 Unless you will some Treason tell ;
 For each so easily allude
 To him of whom they're understood,
 That I shall only say, but so,
 Naming another, I'll say no.
 God gave these goodly attributes
 T' our Sovereign, whom such only futes :
 And him allow'd that name by lot,
 In which these Anagrams are got :
 Yea, I will live and dye your debter,
 If in the name you find one Letter,
 But in the Anagram I ingrave ;
 And you are ty'd too to receive
 What I so duly do set down
 To deck our Sovereigns Sacred Crown.

My Theme's so easie, though my skill be scarce,
 I could on it make multitudes of Verse.
 But though men may in wide ways walk at will,
 I think 'tis best for tyr'd men to sit still.

A Paraphrase upon this Anagram,

But thou clear dew.

A Subjects Name, by Nature now's
 All full of faults, I say,
But thou clear dew, thy self allows,
 To wash the same away.
 Five Anagrams I found before,
 Which so concerns the Throne,
 That I shall move on them no more,
 But let these five alone;
 The which, when in effect I found
 The sense to be the same,
 The sixth by Letters I collect
 Out of the *Latin* Name.
 No Subjects Name must make my Theam
 One that's above must be,
 It is my Sovereigns Sacred Name,
Carolus Stuart's self you see:
 Which in effect, I found my Muse
 So freely to unfold,
Praxiteles could not refuse
 It to Engrave in Gold.
 Though, I confess when I was young,
 And very void of Wit,
 And though I now seem something strong,
 Am not much mended yet:
 For what I gain'd, I then forgot,
 And so such Fool became,
 Though other Lines I learned not,
 I gain'd this Anagram;
 The which, as I have said before,
 It doth it self allow

To play the game, so clear a stream
 of Dew hath done it now.
 But in regard a Subject should
 One so Divine, adore,
 I'll move (by making Anagrams)
 My Monarch's name no more.

Upon *White-hall*, and over all,
 Expos'd to publick view,
 Unto our Sovereign only shall
But thou clear dew, be due:
 Be only due, I say indeed,
 So much (for this) the rather,
 His Royal Name doth now proceed
 From his most famous Father.

*Carolus Secundus, Angliæ, Scotiæ & Hi-
 berniæ, Rex.*

Anagramma

Avé sinus longa arboris Ecc' huic leni Dexter est.

*Cir Leni est Dexter Regi sinus arboris alta
 Exprimit hunc Sensum Nominis Ecc' tenor.*

NOW those that think this Anagram not good;
 Must study until the strain be understood,
 Because the Name, which I presume to make
 My Theme, is more than men may undertake,
 Kings Names are nice; likewise no less than such
 Uncircumcised Subjects must not much
 Come nigh them; nor their breath let blow thereon.
Carolus Stuart demonstrates me a Throne.

Dare not divide the Letters as they lye;
 An Anagram must not maffacre Majesty.
 My eyes stood staring, when I long'd to look,
 Then fell asleep; my senses me forlook:
 For lo, what *Latin* I laid up at School,
 It prov'd not prosperous, having plaid the Fool:
 For when to Court, with my conceits I came,
 I scarce could offer up this Anagram;
 I dream'd it, and when I awak'd, I vow,
 I could not tell if it was false or true:
 Nor did I alter one word of the thing,
 But drew it, as I dream'd it, next morning.
 Even so, I thought, it could not be call'd Treason,
 But that it was much rather Rhime and Reason.
 Being sure my Sovereign takes the Subjects thought
 (When he proves Loyal) as the work were wrought.
 And then for to prevent the Carpers quarrel,
 I rather render'd than oppos'd the peril:
 Saying, He that thinks my stories are abstruse,
 May mend them; but, I fear, my Friends refuse.

Great Sir,

I think you see in every Anagram
 How faithful and effectual too, I am.
 I do not tell, but I do stoutly stand,
 And plainly spell first, *E. N. G. L.* and
S. C. O. T. L. A. N. D., and lo
 Draw *I. R. E. L. A. N. D* even so.
 Then read my Rhime, so may your Majesty
 Mark men in much dissimulation lye.
 Let them dye.

Anagrams

Anagrams on his Royal Highness (the
Duke of York's Name) *James Stewart.*

MAny make *Stewart* with a Double *VV*,
And many make *Stuart* with a single too :
Which when I saw that both the ways were best,
On each of them two Anagrams I exprest.

James Stewart.

Anagrams

1. *A Wise Master.*
2. *Aimes at Vertues.*

James Stuart.

Anagrams

1. *As I am truest.*
2. *Trust me as I am.*

*A Wise Master aims at Vertues, then since,
As I am truest, trust me as I am, a Prince :
Your Ancient Acts say I from God alone
Derive the right of my Succession.*

Which being so

*As I am truest, and (as Christ) I came
From God alone, then trust me as I am :
As I am truest, none denies but I
Am Lawful Brother to his Majesty :
On which account in confidence I came
Trusting to you, then trust me as I am.
My aim's at Vertues, even as I am true,
So you may trust me as I am to you.*

*My aim's at Vertues all the ways I work,
And I am call'd Just James the Duke of York.*

These Anagrams are by the Art of Nature,
Not only, but by our Divine Creature
Contriv'd; then *trust me as I am*, for I
Acknowledge *Scotland's Love and Loyalty*.
No Power can press me, should it prove supream
To deviate from the dictates of my Name.
Being bound by Nature, no man must say no,
So love the Nation and its Subjects so:
Then truly, *Trust me as I am*, and I,
As I am true, in your defence shall dye:
For which I know no Kingdom can correct me,
Because our Act of Parliament doth protect me.

Reader.

York's inniate Name no Anagram gives me
So true as these four, pray you try and see:
Whence since the same so *Aims at Vertues*, I
Allude unto *Jacobus Rex Righteously*.
They run so ready, that I none can raise
So pertinent upon the point as these:
Because our Sovereigns Grandfire on the Throne,
Acknowledged this Royal Name his own.
The rather too 'tis of such Sacred season,
The Parliament proclaim'd it to be Treason,
For to oppose a Prince that's so approv'd
By God and Nature, and by Millions mov'd.
Son Lawful to his Sovereign Father, who
Being Brother born unto King *Charles* too.
All Subjects should as fairly, is profest,
Content his Highness, taking of the Test:
The rather that they do remember when
The Covenant corrupted many men:

B

Which

Which now upon Experience, they do say
 Was nothing but Rebellion to obey :
 The which if they do seriously consider,
 They'll tye themselves unto his Highness hither :
 Not only in the taking of a Test,
 But also think all that he bids are best.
 All which my Quill in Chronicles compleats,
 Call'd for, consisting of nine hundred sheets.
 The Scripture too, speaks of the matter much,
 Saying, neither Crown, nor Christ's anointed touch.
 Take notice then, and on the point appear,
 As you profess for what's rehearsed here :
 These Lines all Loyal Subjects will allow,
 Your self being thought one of that number now :
 And I (as in Sincerity I said it)
 Annex my Name, maintaining *Mercer* made it.

Since I from *Scotland* do my days derive,
 I am bound by nature truly to contrive
 My best advice, being wise advice I vow,
 As you will find, if you these words will view,
 Which follow, freely from this noble Name,
 Royal and Loyal, a too Sacred Theme
 For my mean Muse, or such a one as I
 To enterprize, such purpose to imply.
 However, I wish you with all reverence read
 The Name, and what doth from the same proceed

James Stewart.

Acrostick.

A M E S justly aims to reign in high renown,
pparent heir unto the Triple Crown.
Moses makes mention in his Testament,
even so the Gospel gives us sure consent.
Solomon also uses all his Art

uch true instructions to us to impart,
hat now three Nations own him as their own,
ither (as also earnestly) make known
W hat Interest and Eminency so high
A rise unto Great Britain's Monarchy:
R emembring Ireland doth display its Banner
T here on the Harp, in most melodious manner

Plays and Proclaims, agreeing all together,
Emulating who shall see him first come thither.
To stay in Scotland still in great renown,
The Kingdom where this dition is set down,
Nobis hac invicta miserunt centum sex proavi, (cavi.
Where we shall make our Enemies houl, and also call pec-
Come these to Court, and could there come no more,
The King calls no Idolatry to adore
His Brother, whose greatness doth ingratiate
Himself so in you, now remember that:
Not standing strict on things misunderstood,
But bowing, embrace York for your future good.

These Rhimes which for the Royal Duke I do
Gather by guess, trust to forgiveness too:
Which Rhime, now Reader, though rashly I o're-run it.
Tis true, and you may be asham'd to shun it.



R E A D E R.

THis Emblem of three Crowns in one
 Contains such signs as suit the Throne,
 A Rose, a Thistle, De Luce, and Harp:
 Two smell, one sounds, and one is sharp.
England's Rose red, and smells beside;
Scotland's Thistle's sharp, and pricks at Pride;
 The fragrant Flower de Luce from *France*,
Ireland a Harp to make men dance.
 Three Crowns, Four Signs, one *Rex*, one Ring:
 This Emblem is an endless thing,
 Which none dare seek till the King ascend
 Where Seraphims shall him attend:
 Then that Prince may approach and speed
 That's next akin, three Crowns succeed:
 Continuing still as endless Rings,
 Reigning already nigh six-score Kings
 In *Scotland*, and unconquer'd too,
 The like till Dooms-day let them do;
 Producing due Succession so
 As Atoms where Wind does not blow:
 Which I am bent to beg, because
 Divinity directly draws
 Such Contemplations from my Pen
 As are not meet for meaner men

than mighty Kings; for Kings and Gods
 set all one Name, but at great odds:
 and though God gives great men the name,
 great men must not assume the same.
 The King in jest can call a man
 King, but dare that man own it than.
 Men that by nature's sur-nam'd King
 are no more Sovereign for the thing.
 And one in acting of a Play,
 call'd a King for all that day;
 Next morning mention made thereof,
 he will account it but a scoff;
 Who was King in less than an hour,
 at present they despise his power;
 His Deity adore to day
 Whom they did make a Fool at play:
 For they have been both born and bred
ex Naturalis that have sped:
 No better but throw Scepters by,
 and even as men, lye down and dye:
 But Kings are Christs anointed, and
 being Treason to transgress command,
 Our King alive, I affirm it fit
 All sorts of Subjects should submit:
 As he is King, and reigns over all,
 We should so, whether we stand or fall.
 Then let no Subject seem such Slave,
 To cross the King whom God them gave:
Scotch-men say they by them enjoy all,
 Then *Scotch-men* must to Kings prove Loyal.
 The *Scots* this in their Act contrives
 Their King his Right from God derives:
 Few Kingdoms can make out so much,
 Then *Scotchmen* sure will be *non-such*:
 Which to extol, try my Extract,
 Or Paraphrase upon the Act.

And if they ask for whom it came,
 His Name (in part) impliyes I A M,
 I hope this now's no Blasphemy,
 Alluding unto one so high.
 To call men Gods, God doth allow
 Less Sin in this than I A M now.
 But pray proceed, see how my Theme
 Presumes to praise his Highness name:
 And on King *Charles*, as I have skill,
 But better is in my Chronicle.
 Then see my Muses Complement,
 In praising of the Parliament:
 I praise't for this one Act, much more
 Then fifty Parliaments before;
 Or fifty Acts, with all consents,
 Made in five hundred Parliaments.

A Paraphrase upon an Act of Parliam
 held in *Edenburg*, *August 4. Anno Dom. 16*
 Acknowledging, Confessing, Ratifying and
 firming the Lineal and Lawful Succession of
 Crown of *Scotland* to be deriv'd in Royal Po
 from God Almighty alone.

P *Arnassus* *Fœminines* fairly put to touch,
 Having wiser ways than *Masculines* by much;
 I call on them a cause to carry on,
 Concerns King *Charles* and his Succession:
 My Ark includes all Acts since Thirty eight,
 In *Scotland*; and now to fill up the freight,
 I must this Act which *Scotland* doth contrive
 Enter it also; since they do derive
 The same from Law, and links of Nature, lo
 God tyes them from that Government not to go:

(21)
So shall my Acts in Chronicles for ever
Proclaim this Act to be neglected never,
But thereunto adhere with heart and hand,
And to this Act of Parliament to stand:
Establishing by all the Acts of Art,
From true Successors never to depart:
Not weighing their Religion in our Scale,
But in the point, unto St. *Paul* appeal,
Who bids us to superiour powers submit,
Grave *Grecians* also all affirming fit
What they have done; their Souls and Bodies both,
Becoming bent unto them to betroth
The Royal Rights; as *Thales Milesius*, and
Pythagoras, *Plato*, these three truly stand
To an effectual faithful definition
Of the Soul; ev'n so in a condign condition,
Scotland concludes; and they of duty do
Define King *Charles's* Heirs his Successors too,
To *Scotland*; and, for them to prosper pray
All Faithful Subjects, that remain they may
Ever; ev'n as no Act nor Art of man
Can know when first that Monarchy began.
When e're it entred, then when that King's dead
The next by nature shall that Crown succeed.
Agésilas, *Zeno*, *Xenophon*, and other,
For your vast Vertues value you as Brother,
I say for your, because I know not whom
T' talk to truly till the true time come.
Your, you, us, we, are words pertain to Plurals,
Such as are Kings, not render'd unto Rurals.
All add their strength, and stand in stately manners
By Parliaments, for to display their Banners.
So by my Ark, and every Act therein,
This Crowning all, I humbly hope to win
My mean desires, who bound by duty, do
Pray for King *Charles*, and his Successors too.

Postscript.

Three Kingdoms now united are in one,
 To glorifie King *Charles* on the Throne:
 But God and Grace, Law, Nature, now and all,
 The *Scots* Crown, they call Kings Crown Imperial.

Now I'm afraid that I prophane
 Such famous Names with words in vain,
 Wherefore to expiate my Pride,
 I pray, so throw my Pen aside.

Upon

NOtable News (peruse now) from *Parnassus*,
 In which, to tell truth, not one point doth pass us :
 By one that did so much with *Mars* pass muster,
 His Muse was bent to tell the truth, then trust her.

I N A

POEM,

Divided into Two Parts :

First, To the King,

Secondly, To the Subjects of the
 said three Kingdoms.

Dedicated to the MAJESTY of
Great Britain, France and Ireland.

By *William Mercer.*

L O N D O N,
 Printed in the Year 1682.

An Epitome :

O' R, T H E Abstract of Three C H R O N I C L E S

Which contains at large a true Catalogue of the
Passages, Parties and Persecutions within the
three Kingdoms of *England, Scotland and Ireland*

Beginning about 1638. about which time the
troubles arose in the said Kingdoms, with the
Names and Titles of the most potent persons
that were, and yet are the chief inventors and
menters of the same; together with a true account of
occurrences and contrivances of all sorts of persons and
employments from that time to the day of the date here
according to the best Informations, and under the hands
of the most judicious indifferent beholders thereof, together
with my own personal presence, being an eye-witness thereof
unto, having had employment in good capacity, from the
very first, in *England*, a Native of *Scotland*, a long-liver in *Ireland*;
being bribed by no man to report partially, as will
appear upon publication of the principal piece, till which
time let all men expect from my Pen as they find themselves
free upon consultation in their own Consciences
private, and no otherwise.

The Preface or Prologue to this Epitome.

In Two Parts.

The effect of what is following you may find
Lying upon this first page here confin'd.

The First Part.

First when we met, my Master *Mars* allows,
And by his power proclaims a Rendezvouz:
The Names are call'd, who as they answer, enter,
And so receive their wages at a venture.
In this Deluge, or dangerous showre of shot,
Build a big Barque, and a smaller Boat,
To save some by, but few will be found free,
When they have no Certificate of me.
I bring them all before my Soveraigns Throne,
For a subtil, sinful Convocation:
Assuring you too, that (in short) I think,
If boats will not bear them, they must swim or sink.

The Second Part.

For having prest Celestial powers,
And pierc'd the Sacred Throne,
I come to assist, perceiving showers
Will To sink us every one.
Which call them all to come to me,
Though some (to grant) do grudge,
But you shall such on sudden see
Drown'd in a deep Deluge.
For though I herein do devise
Two things, I'll tell you what,

One may find favour in your Eyes,
 Not both, believe me that.
 Yet if but one my Prince doth please,
 With some at whom I hint,
 I shall be glad in some degrees,
 I play'd the Fool in Print.

To the King

*Perlege quodcunque est, quid Epistola lecta nocbit?
 Te quoque in hac aliquid quod juvat, esse potest.*

*St. Mat. 24. 5. & 1 John 3. 26. Take heed,
 These things have I written unto you,
 Concerning them that deceive you.*

A Sonnet.

May it please your Majesty.

Here now you have (I humbly talk in time)
 Few pages following, which repeat in Rhime ;
 The sense of all I aim at in my Ark :
 Or shall I rather call it but a Bark ?
 Because the burthen which it bears, is but
 (Being weigh'd in value, worth a new crackt Nut :
 Now ne'r the less, may it like your Majesty,
 Peruse my Rhimes where it appears plainly
 Set forth at full, what doth the piece import,
 I call the Ark ; but if the same seem short
 Then drown it, and to do so do not grudge,
 Such doings do deserve a deep deluge.
 For I had rather been try'd and tyred tarrying,
 Than come with Cargazon were not worth the carrying

Most Sacred Sir,

If all the Muses of the Mount were mine,
 (Though they are noted for the Sacred nine)
 And could they make *Maonides* of me,
 All my Inventions were but vanity,
 Weigh'd with the Wisdom *Solomon* did rehearse,
 So often writing advice in every Verse,
 Urging, as 'twere, by Arguments to win
 Mens welfare: So I humbly here begin,
 Being prompted, or rather timely tempted to
 What (in obedience) I am bound to do;
 And that I would with Eagles Feathers fly
 To fetch fruition for your Majesty:
 All which (I say) assembled at the Throne,
 So to assist my Resolution,
 Were but to blame, me to make bold to bring
 Such empty Emblems to encroach a King:
 Though in the close they come like claps of Thunder,
 Moving the Mountains both above and under:
 Then (seeing things in danger) do confess,
 Determin'd timely to make this address:
 So I in duty, and long date of days,
 Opprest my Pen, till it in part displays,
 Not sparing pains to put in rural Rhime
 The passages since first that fatal time.
 There was a Cause cry'd up, whose pregnant Pride
 Aspir'd three Kingdoms, and three Crowns beside;
 A Cause, which Cause, had it but been so us'd,
 As some men meant (though more men it abus'd)
 It might done well; but O when power takes place,
 On pure pretence to spit God in the face,
 What fearful fall doth follow? Then let none
 Dare to invent works of Rebellion
 Against that God who gives so good a King
 To govern us, with healing under his Wing:

Contrary causes produce effects conform,
 As we beheld the late destructive storm :
 So that I should not seek the Sacred nine,
 Though they'r avoucht (through all the World) Divine,
 To help me here, nor scale *Parnassus* Throne,
 To fill my Quill in Holy *Helicon* ;
 Such glancing Glow-worms glittering in the dark,
 By such Dark Lanthorns I may miss my mark :
 Wherefore for aid, since I this day am driven,
 I'll scale the Skies, and have my help from Heaven,
 Then to *Jehovah*, not to *Jove*, in jest,
 I recommend my Muse to move at least :
 And (in a cause) such crosses doth afford,
 In pray'r at length must invoke the Lord :
 My mighty maker then do thou inspire
 Such power in me, my Tongue may never tire.
 To tell the truth ; that Angel, Lord, allow
 Me that kept *Eden* ; then when *Adam* flew
 Forth from thy presence, be thou present still,
 Assisting me, and work upon my will ;
 Such Sacred sense, that equally to all
 Of whom I speak, I prove Impartial.
 Lord let thy Spirit penetrate by power,
 And melt my Soul in a celestial shower :
 To sing the secrets that concern the King,
 Wrapt up in Clouds of carnal covering :
 To which effect I humbly prostrate pray,
 To prosper me in all I think to say ;
 And where a fault appears in my Expression,
 In such a case connive at my Confession,
 Which I will now in clear Characters raise
 Against my self, and those are only these :
 When of my Age I was but twelve and three,
 I fled from School, where few such follow'd me,
 And serv'd an Emperour ; and in much ado,
 I serv'd in *Denmark*, and *Gustavus* too :

serv'd all the three, but each of them one year,
 took never pay, not sinning I may swear :
 so that it seems, amongst so many men,
 I spoils'd a Pike more than I spoil'd a Pen ;
 and I may tell as truly too, indeed,
 I writ much more by Millions than I read :
 Not loving to get Learning, nor remain
 at School, and now not greedy to get gain ;
 how should I then or render Verse or Rhime,
 proving so prodigal of my precious time ?
 Wherefore I hope (albeit but bad excuses)
 Your Majesty hath meekness for such Muses.
 Whence (being but simple) this present profit springs ;
 The perfect truth is taken from such things.
 And so I shall in some degree go on,
 To bring my Mite before my Monarchs Throne :
 Though I say Mite unto your Majesty,
 I'll make the Mite a Mountain in your Eye :
 And then again I shall some Mountains make
 Tremble, when I have tyed them to the stake.
 Great Sir, then that Confusion may not fill
 This call'd the Abstract of my Chronicle,
 Allow me leave to moderate my Muse,
 So my constructions be not too abstruse :
 That in a Method seeming meet to me,
 Your Majesty may many Secrets see.
 As in a Mirrour moral Miscreants,
 Deeply dissembling as all such were Saints.
 But as at first when all was only Chaos,
 Ere man was made, God (in himself) foresaw us,
 That when we are, his Work would be in vain,
 Man would in such Confusion fall again :
 So also I, first when I undertook
 Of such shrewd matter for to make a Book,
 I did conjecture I the mark might miss,
 As much indeed as I have done in this :

For I did in such sad confusion fall,
 My Muse may make a Chaos of us all:
 Yea, and assum'd such zeal so on me too,
 I for their sakes Idolatry did do:
 And did as *Saul* once doubtless did in zeal,
 But now at last I must as *Paul* appeal,
 For even as *Paul* as Persecutor prov'd,
 Being blind, but then became the Lords belov'd:
 So in blind zeal, I prais'd as men appear'd,
 But when I found my fond conjectures jeer'd,
 Faithless Professors in their promise fail,
 As *Balaam's* Beast, then I began to rail
 Upon the Prophets; but to reprehend
 Was work in vain, and therefore in the end
 (Things to resent) said this, That they might see
Habet & Musca splenem prov'd in me:
 Neglecting those to whom they ne'r said no,
 An Enemy would not be served so.
 That when I view'd, they wickedly would venture
 To add such Items to a bad Debenture:
 Then I began a clear Account to cast,
 And in the Close concluded this at last,
 The persecutions not of all, but even
 Out of a dozen I might draw eleven:
 And so as *Saul* (who when he saw the sin)
 Pray'd to convert them that would scrape his skin:
 So in my Book, albeit forbearing those,
 My Persecutors, and I pray for foes:
 Yet by so doing, as Divines do read,
 I may heap Coals of fire upon their head:
 Wherefore in all humility I here
 In this Catalogue shall come something near:
 To show by signs Wares at the Window vented,
 Proclaiming worse within, if not prevented.
 My Chronicles tells clearly when it comes,
 Of Webs that weaving, wanted they the Thrums.

(I say as did *Diogenes* in jest,
 Then when he saw the greater Thieves in hast,
 Running to see the lesser hang'd, he laught,
 And said the great Thieves should as Knaves be caught.
 Both Throats and Thrums cut, Webs then better would
 Fully unfolded, keep us from the cold.)
 These things apply'd now in Parenthesis,
 Much more make plain the meaning than of this:
 So I return, though in familiar stile,
 To put in order all that's in this Isle:
 But here I only do by tokens tell 'um,
 The Chronicle more Scholar-like can spell 'um:
 So I go on, as all are ranked there,
 (For lo that piece I to the Ark compare)
 Which *Noah* built, wherein I think to save
 Such Righteous persons as I shall receive
 Upon Repentance, finding of them free,
 And them admit within the Ark with me.
 But *Noah* had command to make the Ark
 Three hundred cubits long, albe't that Bark
 Must bear a burden only but of eight,
 And all not faithful neither, such a freight
 Might so be sav'd, and here it is even so,
 Just and unjust, all generally do go
 Within my Ark ; which being open'd once,
 And all call'd out, 'twill be but as a Sconce
 Compos'd of Paper, not of Planks and power ;
 So slight a Ship might sink in such a shower:
 In cruel cases men may make conform
 Both Bark and Fly-boat to withstand the storm:
 So as my Ark at Anchor doth prove nice,
 My Fly-boat puts Fools in a Paradise:
 For if some few, when they are call'd, can stand
 By Faith as firm as they were on the Land,
 So that the Waters were not their reward ;
 Yet when (at Court) they come to play their Card

They may mistake, I do not say they shall,
 Though some's in danger for to fetch a fall ;
 For when so many did my Bark abuse,
 I fram'd this Fly-Boat, and shall not refuse
 To save some in't, as I in duty stand,
 Though not presuming I can purge the Land.
 As did St, *Patrick* (who though purging Vermin)
 To put the spawn in people did not determine :
 Or not that all are ill, though many may,
 For in the general I have such to say,
 That as the Angels were created good,
 And so might in that Heavenly station stood,
 Yet fell, and for no other reason neither,
 But that they fell as they affected rather :
 Even so shall many in their place appear,
 Fallen from their first love too, too many here.
 Cathedral Saints I do not now single any,
 But rich and poor, all men must answer when I
 Call by their Names, the Prophet and the Priest
 Both are in danger of one days arrest,
 Unless the people plainly make appear,
 That they read prayers precisely once a year.
 The big Book duly doth demonstrate all
 The famous Fathers Apostolical.
 Whence one of twelve was once found false before,
 But out of twelve I now name half a score.
 Then for our Judges I go evenly on,
 Comparing some to *Homer's Sarpedon*,
 And in the big Book I do clear the case,
 Compares with *Pompey* and *Aristides*.
 Some Judges Justness here, I tell you that,
Moses and *Joshua's* Justice imitate :
 Though they are dead, their deeds live nevertheless ;
 Good mens perfections death doth not suppress :
 And in my Book, albe't he be removed,
 I point at one so for his Law beloved :

Church
men.

Judges

Not only Law (but to disparage none)
 Equal in all things unto *Sarpedon*.
 Justice in Judges, ought as they survive
 Each one th' other, t' appear superlative.
Pindarus, Plato, Cicero did say
 Of Justice as good Judges do to day :
 And as *Theognes* gives it us in *Greek*,
 Take it in *Latin*, lest the thing you seek.

Iustitia in sese virtutes continet omnes.

Even so as knowledge is on me conferr'd,
 (To tell the Truth my Tongue being not deterr'd)
 I do repeat the prudence then of those,
 Examining when parties do oppose
 Each one the other, and that make report
 Impartially in presence of the Court:
 And all surrounding every Bench, a bit
 I lay before them, for to bite on it.

Doctors.

Physicians that put poison in the Pill,
 I pay them Fees according to their Skill ;
 And those that have both skill and kindness too,
 As they deserve, accordingly I do.

*Physicians,
 and such
 as profess.*

Hippocrates I challenge, not for cheats,
 He fills the Files with well advis'd Receipts.

Galen hath Gard'ners gathering Herbs, I grant, *Apothecaries.*
Pliny's supplying every place with Plants.

Now those that plead, and such as play the Knave,
 If they themselves by Sophistry can save,
 Then be it so ; much is made out by Art,
 Howe're it is, my Pen must play its part :

Some Clerks, and some the Terms tongue-turn'd Attorneys,
 Talking to them, makes merry on my Journeys.

There is one well-cover'd with a Gown ingrain'd
 Of base black dye, with stinking Coffee stain'd :

*Anagram
 O Base
 Cret'r' I.*

In these few words his Name's anatomiz'd,
 And Answers to it, since he was Baptiz'd.

All

All in which big Book brightly will appear:
 In small Eclipses things are not seen clear.
 I try all Trades, though some past Prenticeship,
 Playing the Knave, such I severely whip.
 Some take up Trades, and some untaught Attorney
 Turns Lawyer; but by taking of a Journey: *To Lon*
 I strive to take such untrain'd Trades-mens Tools,
 Send such Mock-Lawyers back again to Schools,
 Not cherishing of Cheaters; but at large
 My Chronicle casheers them from their charge.
 But O alas! one thing's like to be lost,
 His Majesties Omissioners almost;
 And yet I do not draw so deep a Debter,
 My big Book bears them in a larger Letter.
 Though herein happens one mistake in me,
 I do neglect that great Character C;
 I should say Co when O came in the way;
 But now I think them both are best to say.
 Saint *Paul*, you know, he saith and sealeth it,
 The good, (he would) the ill (he will) commit;
 But they I see in both are Righteous rather,
 Omit and Commit fully for their Father.
 Do as the *Scots* said, rightly understood,
 The Souldiers swore they came for all their good:
 But here is no such daubing now adays,
 Whate're is call'd for, ev'ry one obeys;
 No man gets wrong but of the toys they bring,
 Take some themselves, the rest goes to the King;
 God's good unto them, therefore every hour
 Floods (on the Farmers) favours freely pour.
 Many poor Merchants travel every Tyde,
 And give what they can rap and run beside:
 They'r good to all, fetch when you can tell what,
 Be what it will they'll take it, what fault's that?
 They cannot all fair Promises perform,
 For fear their Fortunes fail them in a storm.

I would not wrong the Kings Omissioners,
 More than the Priests wrong poor Parishoners,
 Albe't I wrong them in one Letter, lo,
 I would not wrong them too much, no, no, no;
 I favour Farmers; they shall find so when
 They come my Three-crown'd Chronicle to scan.
 This thing's so secret, few know what I do,
 The t' other tells both Name and Title too.
 Nor do I only those in Commission scan,
 Now there, but every individual man.
 Since first (in fashion) the King confirm'd a Farm,
 To praise one, not another, may do harm;
 Wherefore, at best, I'll throw this Bauble by,
 Because the big Book brings Authority;
 And press no more, great Sir, but let you see,
 So many Authors are assisting me,
 To make things out, both Heathenish and Heav'nly,
 All their inventions ev'ry one as ev'nly
 As all the Arts and Sciences, I think,
 Could write, were all the Purple Ocean Ink;
 Here are their Names, no man knows more than I,
 And I'll repeat them to your Majesty:
 Divine and Moral, some that knew not God,
 But gave good Counsel, was not that then odd?
Aristotle and *Plato*, I have *Cato* too,
Socrates, and all *Diogenes* could do;
Themistocles and *Solon*, I have ev'n so
 The *Romans* General, Generous *Scipio*:
Demosthenes his Answer to *Epimenes*,
 I spoke with *Plutarch* and *Aristides*;
 I tell you also of *Emelius*;
Apelles Painting, what will that avail us:
 And I have catched Counsel too of *Titus*,
 I also saw *Egesilaus* meet us:
Anaxagoras, *Periander*, I saw *Zeno*,
Pythagoras opinion spake with pain, O,

Alexander

Menander and *Caligula*, and lo
Domitian and *Hippocrates* also :
Lycurgus and *Xenocrates*, and such,
And talked to *Epictetus* as much :
Xenophanes call'd Coward, scarcely knockt ;
Perseus lending his Money, he was mockt :
Hesiodus his Precepts understood,
Agathocles, a Potters Son, not proud. *A King.*
Darius and *Artaxerxes* with one score,
I yet could count, but I will name no more,
But only three, who I report for Pride,
Though here are thousands such as they beside ;
Dioclesian the Emperour, he was one,
Herod Agrippa another, now I'm gone ;
But *Titus Flaminius* takes it as a wonder
That I omit him, therefore comes he under.
All these are Authors in my Chronicle,
Comparing men unto them, good or ill ;
I stay not now their Vertues to rehearse,
Nor will I put their praises here in Verse ;
But every Subject (let them fawn or frown)
As they deserve, lo I have set them down.
By wise advice, and by whose cunning skill,
Your Majesty may know my Chronicle
Is compos'd ; now on another task I intrude,
Comparing some to Tutors too, as rude.
Twelve famous Fathers, Sovereign Sir, consider
What pains I past, comparing them together :
Who to (themselves) can best the attribute
Apply, as to their knowledge they them suit.
But I alledge when in the Scales they come
They will down-weigh, I well may wager, some ;
Because they do their base debauch'dness bear
Almost as much as any named now here ;
Who though they be here only but eleven,
I do not doubt to draw the dozen even ;

So I begin, and in their greatness greet 'um,
But in the big Book like a man I meet 'um.

1. *Caligula* is common in the case,
 2. *Tiberius* comes in with a flaming face,
 3. *Nero* is never very far to find,
 4. *Heliogabalus* hath a vicious mind:
 5. As *Alexander*, men are most malicious,
And I aver all men almost are vicious.
 6. *Cyrus* is fly at Court, and catching still,
 7. *Ulysses* likewise with his Wit doth ill;
 8. *Mydas* is mighty covetous you know.
 9. *Hannibal's* a crafty Knave ev'n so:
 10. *Zopyrus* hath in base dissembling skill,
 11. And *Aristippus* will be flattering still:
- Now doubtless I dare out the dozen do,
12. For I am sure here is a *Judas* too.

But I forbear until my big Book come,
Where on the Margin I have marked some.
I help the Heralds, when I'm brisk about 'um,
Blazing their Arms; but better be without 'um:
Yet it were ill all were alike, for lo,

Parcite paucorum Diffundere crimen, you know.

But since I in my Arithmetick move,
My Pen must more upon the point improve.

I search in Secrets, which unlookt on lye,
Impeaching persons that aspire too high;
I speak of Pride, the only evil even

Why Angels were so hurl'd out of Heaven.

Envy I own the justest ill of all,
It kills it self to cause its father fall.

Of Straits and Trenches, whom some call contriver,
The Chronicle that Doctrine doth deliver.

I talk of Traytors, and I touch the Treason;
But *Solomon* for things assigns a season:

And I forbear, allowing you to look
Where you shall see abundance in the Book.

Only I bring, albeit I be forbid,
 The thing in sight the *Lacedemons* did;
 But I'm afraid my Muse may be abhorr'd,
 Or call'd a Fool for what she doth afford,
 Affecting to be found a Fool in Verse,
 Rather than call me Knave upon my Hearse.
 Of Government I grant I give a touch,
 But meddle not with Governours too much,
 Because St. *Paul* bids us that block forbear,
 And I must also seem so godly here;
 Lift Hands and Eyes, and bid the poor go pray:
 But of such things see what St. *James* doth say.
 And I do tell some tokens, time and place,
 How that the *Romans* rul'd in such a Case;
 And they did rule, and over-rule indeed,
 In all Dominions through the World we read.
 I scan the cause *Great Britain* bore abuse,
 How *Ireland* felt the effect who will refuse;
 I point at persons whom I fear foment,
 Make *Memorandums* how we may prevent;
 I could speak plain, but should I so appear,
 Though now I'm safe, it puts me in a fear.
 Whenever my big Book shall be seen abroad,
 I find such Friends as good Sir *Edmund God* ——
 But of the *Romans*, what I said before
 Is true, and I can add too on the score,
 When Government to any one was given,
 All old adherents that same day were driven
 Hence at great distance, as was done of late
 At our Vice-gerents general debate.
 Which of the two would touch us to the quick,
 The Covenanter or *Roman* Catholick;
 What was concluded, must not with my will
 Come here, but hazards in my Chronicle.
 But, Royal Sir, by what is here I hope,
 Your Majesty may soon conceive the scope

of this Complaint; and that it clearly comes,
 like those before the Battel beating Drums
 to bid alarms, albe't I be the man
 that fetches fewel and the fire do fan
 to warm my self : Sir, yet a King doth know
 When Coals are cover'd, one blast of Wind may blow ;
 being as 'twere the Watch-word to awaken
 secure men sleeping, thousands nigh forsaken ;
 forgive me then, most Sacred Sir, to show,
 Without offence, things that I cannot know
 clearly concluded, because I'm none of them
 employed in private for to play the game ;
 but lookers on, though seeming in a Trance,
 may see as much as those that play perchance ;
 specially a person not imploy'd,
 When Tempests threaten, lest he be destroy'd,
 looks to himself, and sees whereat they aim,
 and then in Conscience must the Cause proclaim.
 The Sentinel Perdu to defend the shot
 from such as sleep, but never get one Groat ;
 the Chronicle of all these Plots complain,
 in Prose and Verse ; But and every word in vain ;
 have not had, no not in thirty years,
 more than Good morrow, as it plain appears ;
 for all that's said, serv'd, suffer'd, sure I think,
 if I lay sick, they'd give me Gall to drink.
 But though such things to our Creator cry,
 the present issue's in your Majesty,
 my pain to ponder, and comparing it,
 Give what my Sovereign finds for present fit ;
 and for the future from such Sacred Throne,
 To end the Ark, appoint a Pension.
 Should it be small, nine hundred sheets now nigh,
 to put to press, whenever th' Author dye.
 But I am pleas'd this instant hour to Print
 the Piece, wherein (though here I only hint)

I publish all ; I cannot Cheaters cherish,
 Fight for it too, and if I perish, perish.
 The Chronicle consisting, as I say,
 Of bulk so big, did make my Brain obey.
 Now eighteen times Twelve-months, at least, and more
 Before my reckoning mounted to this score :
 And is composed, as it will appear,
 With great expence : I have two Patrons here
 Who will approve, though I their Names suppress,
 I never drew one Doit of broken Brass.
 But what is told I will for truth aver,
 And what's to come, none shall my Tongue deter :
 To tell that too, though it looks like a lye,
 I'll Paraphrase upon a Prophecy ;
 So praying for a powerful Inspiration
 Of God, I'll venture on a new Narration.
 And yet before I on the task intrude,
 Because the course I am to run is rude,
 I'll move my Muse in meekness) modestly,
 With one word more unto your Majesty :
Peter perceiv'd a Vessel with provision,
 And Voice came down from Heaven, but no delusion,
 The voice said three times, *Peter kill and eat ;*
Peter reply'd, *He must not meddle with meat*
Polluted ; so then presently espies
 The sheet to vanish with the Sacrifice.
 So in this sheet your Majesty may see
 (I humbly hope this is no sin in me)
 Such things as you may Sacrifice, but sure
 They are so much polluted and impure,
 As if my Sovereign please to search, you shall
 Find few that's free, of twenty, one, that's all ;
 Then Sir, for safety, satisfie the best,
 In mercy, but bid Sacrifice the rest :
 Till they are free from all those foul offences
 Whereof they'r full, for all their fair pretences :

Which do they not, God will their Pride display,
 or demonstrations I have done to day.
 And though my King may all my deeds undo,
 must say something to the Subject too.

TO THE SUBJECTS.

*Behold I have told you before. Mat. 24. 25.
 Evil pursueth sinners, but to the Righteous good shall be repaid.
 Prov. 13. 21.*

To the Reader.

UPon this Paper are exprest
 Some lines which long enough may last:
 Or at the least, till they and I
 Appear before his Majesty;
 And with a Volume weighing more
 Than this I told you of before:
 As the Prophet preacht to *Nineve*,
 Repent, or doubtless ye shall dye:
 And now this quarrel I can pick,
 Speak like a *Roman* Catholick,
 Repentance will not pay the Fine,
 You must in Purgatory pine
 Till you restore, and till you do
 Perform what you have promis'd too.

D

But

But since the Chronicle is coming,
 I'll say as to one sinking, swimming,
 Take hold of things that's shuffling by,
 Or you may duck your head and dye.
 Which is the summ now of the thing
 I have composed for the King:
 To shew it self I think not fit,
 But here's a little All of it.
 Then Reader, since I have to do,
 And talking too as many too,
 I'll cease, lest some say you and I
 Both had our fingers in the Pye.
 And so if things (as said before)
 May please my Prince, I press no more.
 What I exhibit at the Throne
 Being read with reverence, then go on

In manner following.

To all of whom I write what I invent,
 I cannot promise ev'ry one content:
 However it be, let every man be mute
 Till he behold how I do distribute.
 Lighting of Lamps there where the Sun doth shine
 Were labour lost, such method is not mine;
 Or to waste Wafers where I set no Seal,
 I am not sure that secret to conceal:
 So paraphrasing on a point that's plain,
 Were but to prove a Prophecy profane:
 All which I bring but only by the by,
 'Cause to the purpose I do them apply.
 Of Chronicles compos'd of Complements,
 Because my Book to such a thing assents,
 I shall say little: Yet I must something say,
 My Tongue must not a task in trust betray:
 But not to press the priviledge of a Poet,
 Nor crave connivence, as in danger do it:

I'll interpose in Poems, and repeat
 Old Prophecies, lest I be challeng'd, Cheat;
 And in the end, applying all to us,
 Must pray my Speech prove not superfluous,
 Nor perilous, since partly I compare
 By Prophecies, some famous persons there,
 Both good and bad, who when they come to scan,
 May take themselves in secret for the man.
 Then Reader, rudely pray you do not run
 To tear the Thrums before a part be spun,
 Spit in my face, and say the man is mad,
 Writ like a Fool first, then begin to gad,
 And tell such stories, which should some seem true,
 Then all our Pomp might perish with a whew;
 Not only Pomp, but Purse, Pride, Power and all,
 A Frozen Kitchen, and a Hungry Hall,
 And all the people pressing now so near us,
 Would then disdain us, proving poor as *Irus*:
 But why seem we so fearful till we see,
 Who knows but these past Prophecies agree
 With our designs? not doing us detect,
 As do Hounds, when they follow on the Tract:
 Therefore before his Dictates we condemn,
 Because he knows we never did condemn
 His Person nor his Poems, but so cloy'd him
 With Promises, albeit we ne'r imploy'd him:
 I wish we had his fair desires redoubled,
 So should we with his stories not been troubled:
 But as the Piggs upon the Paps will wamble
 Long e're they suck; he makes such proud preamble
 That I suspect he doth some piece prepare
 Of purpose to pay every one a share:
 Wherefore let's pray the Poet to proceed,
 That we may know what knacks are in his head.
 I hear you speak, and what I do propone,
 Grudge not I pray, but let me prattle on.

Considering what says *Seneca* to you,
 Desiring as you would be done to, do ;
 But that you laid this lesson long aside,
 Since some with such Postilions proudly ride.
 'Tis strange a famous man is not found fit
 To be preferr'd until he purchase it :
 When beardless Boys must be imploy'd to play,
 Because there is no danger in the day :
 But if a Fight should follow, few do doubt,
 Stout men might strive for to lead on the rout.
 And yet there is no fear, though Fools profess,
 That all must fight and dye, or go to Mass.
 But these are stories men may talk in jest ;
 Before I perish I will play the Priest.
 But this expression from a prating *Scot*,
 May make them think I am upon the Plot .
 Then this were wiser in so plain a case,
 A Gift of Guinea's can procure a place.
 Though men must not take Bribes, by which neglect,
 From *Moses's* Chair may chance to break their Neck.
 But let this pass now, it appears no peril,
 Look to your selves, Sirs, here comes on the quarrel :
 All Neighbour Nations sins we dare out-do,
 And I can count out four unto you too
 Whom we exceed ; The *Dutch* we do out-drink,
 And we out-drabb the *Italian* too, I think ;
 Yea, we out-brave the *French-man* very far,
 And to out-brag the *Spanish* too, we dare :
 These are the sins now in the Synagogues,
 Objects of Glory, and ungodly Rogues.
 Acts of *Orlando* few men can perform,
 Their hands being bound, they must stand in the storm.
 Who would refuse now, if he were so bid,
 As the worthy Cardinal of *Toledo* did :
 To whom the *Spanish* Monarchy made suit,
 Offering a Princely pension too to boot :

*Ab alio ex
 pectes quod
 alteri feceris*

But as her Theologian, to assist
 Her Royal Council, which the Monarch mist;
 His Conscience could not give consent at all,
 And so, I say, mist to be Cardinal:
 For he did grant, that if he were to get
 All she could give, set in her Chair of State,
 But to betray the simpler peoples Tusk,
 Make *Assa foetida* smell like sweetest Musk;
 He vow'd he would not wrong the work of God:
 For those Temptations now I'll blaze abroad,
 Not as a portion of the Prophecy,
 Although, I think, it looks much like a lye:
 Such Promises, if proffer'd to us all,
 Might make a moderate man a Cardinal:
 And I suspect, would all as plainly speak,
 Some might become a Cardinal this week:
 But I forbear, because I can but tattle,
 And yet I vow for to abate the Battle,
 That our Division should not go to *Gath*,
 Our nakedness be published in the path,
 Or as they'r term'd, the streets of *Askelon*,
 I would be banisht even to *Babylon*.
 The Prophecy spreads further, if it speed,
 Says that the *Roman* Catholicks have a Creed.
 To which we will say *Credo* in the close.
 But Priests did pen this Prophecy, I suppose.
 But, O behold, how men do gape, and goes,
 Of Common-wealths men, now call'd Common foes:
 Men who unto such projects did aspire,
 And for their own inordinate desire
 Would dash in pieces, saith the Prophecy,
 All that profess; nay, even you and I;
 But what profession you and I may be,
 I will not tell you more than you tell me:
 So our disorders only do appear,
 Most men are men, most irreligious here:

For as the time by Minutes moves, we must
 Change so our selves, we cannot Traytors trust,
 Albe't we be even so our selves ; and lo
 As you sur-name me, I shall not say no.
 One day with *O yes*, cry *God save King Charles*,
 Another day comes Covenanted Quarrels :
 Then comes a Clerk creating a Collector,
 Whom when you please can pray for our Protector.
 Then Papists must not name a Parish Priest,
 Or all must ev'n be banish'd, every Beast.
Quakers and *Shakers*, all men must profess,
 Preach when they please, the Law allows no less.
 Of all these Free-wills you with one may venture,
Family of Affection, there a man may enter.
 I shall not now more Prophecies profess,
 To spend the time, nor tempt you more or less.
 But lest I hurl you over the head and ears ;
 My self subject to Jealousies and Fears :
 I will insist, seeing both by Rhime and Verse,
 I tell the truth in most I here rehearse.
 But if I make the Kings Heart with a Lye
 Merry, then you call that scurrility.
 Although these Lyes lye not in secret hid,
 The Boys by jesting at *Elisha* did
 The like : I love not, nor affect offence,
 But would seem pleasant, that proves my pretence.
Elias jested, jested justly too, 1 King. 18. 27
 When at the Idol he the jest did do,
 Here two extremes, one's call'd scurrility,
 T'other extreme is termed Rusticity.
 Such *Nabal* was, who was accounted Clown,
 I jest not now, when I set Scripture down.
 Desire of Honour is reputed proud,
 But pusillanimity is not granted good :
 Not too desirous, too averse not neither ;
 A moderation for to rule them rather.

He that desireth (his desire is good)
 A Bishoprick, but not to make him proud :
 Nor must men neither do, as we do read
 The Monk *Amonius* did, out of his head
 Cut his Right Ear, rather than he would lye
 To be made choice of to the Ministry.
 These are extremes which wise men may amend,
 Rather than in such cases to contend ;
 But who will be found such a Fool as that,
 Cut off his Ear, unless he know for what ?
 Must not contend, nor shall he either thrive
 Who doth by Bribes the Priesthoods place derive :
 But I believe none such as those are here,
 To get by Bribes, or want it with an Ear.
 Indifferent moral matters best to be
 Procured by means of most indifferency :
 But if it be a matter more divine,
 Then you must to Divinity incline ;
 And if you doubt, then I desire you further,
 By this Just Rule you do lay down your Order,
 Being comprehended in this very Verse,
 Consisting of eight words, I will rehearse :
Quis, quid, ubi, quibus, & cur, quomodo, quando, quibuscum :
 Try all your actions by these as they come,
 Who, what and why, by what means, and by whose ;
 How, when and where, do diverse doubts disclose.
 If all these words work not, now wrote I th' Evangel,
 Then you will never alter for an Angel.
 So all is ended, only this remains,
 Would any of you patiently take pains,
 And suffer such ? Pray weigh this warning then,
 Repent and mend, or perish by a Pen.
 And if you find my Speeches are provokt,
 You know how *Philip* railing *Nicanor* choakt.
 I'll move no more now, earnest nor in jest,
 But cease and say, Farewel, Sirs, So I rest.

Thus end the Contents of my Three Crown'd Ornicle, what follows, I humbly hope, moves your Majesty to laugh, and shall serve to some as a fore-warning to follow a Friends advice.

An Apologue in an Epilogue :

O R, T H E

Pismire Display'd.

Scotland and England both are bound in Paper,
 Ready for reading, and the charge is cheaper,
 Than Print a piece so big, whence I forbear,
 Being burden'd with such scandalous questions here
 And must let *Ireland* lye a while, not end it,
 Before I find a fault to discommend it.
 Men must malign that have packt up the plunder
 Of *Ireland*, and still strive to keep it under.
 That I dare not now challenge such a cheat,
 Until the Chaff be winnowed from the Wheat.
England and *Ireland* both receive my sense,
 But I gave *Scotland* the preheminance
 When I began, my Birth-right bad me do it,
 And know the Laws of Nations will allow it.
 But having enter'd *Ireland* after all,
 And, as I said, compar'd my self to *Saul*,
 Who when a voice once entred in his Ear,
 Confounding him, and bad him to forbear
 To Persecute, being hard for him to kick
 Against his God, which toucht him to the quick;
 Converting *Saul*, who soon became a suiter
 For those to whom he prov'd a Persecuter;

And for whose sakes whom cruelly he crost,
 For their Salvation wisht himself were lost.
 In which same sense, lo I as *Paul* do pray
 All in my Ark may be redeem'd to day
 From what's determin'd, though indeed few do
 Deserve; but I shall play the Pismire now,
 And as I do this Apologue display,
 I pray you read, then censure what I say.
 The Lyon sleeping, men laid Toils to take him,
 A Pismire spy'd, and vext the Lyon to wake him;
 Touching him with a *Tandem resurges*, till
 The Lyon proudly would the Pismire kill
 For troubling him; to whom the Pismire pray'd,
 Lord, look about you e're you are dismay'd:
 Which doing, saw them setting Snares and Bands
 To take him; brake them, so scap'd the Hunters hands.
 Thus though the Pismire prickt the Lyon, yet
 The Pismire sav'd the Lyons life by it.
 Wherefore the Lyon, though he is call'd a King,
 Said Pismire sure I thank thee for the thing:
 For had he not been by the Pismire prickt,
 The Hearts blood of the Lyon had been lickt.
 But better causes might make Christians calm,
 As are at length set down in *David's Psalm*;
 Unless they be such as *Ulysses* left,
 Subject to *Circe*, with her Witches craft,
 Whom *Circe* turn'd to Tygers, Swine and Dogs,
 And ever after lov'd to live like Hogs.
 Pray quarrel not now, nor call me a Knave,
 Which if? I can with other things receive)
 But this Apologue you'll apply it best
 Unto your selves, 'tis time to me to rest.
 Nowe're take notice what the Lyon said,
 When by the Warning he his freedom had:
Quos perdere vult Jupiter (such he infatuates wholly)
Quos tuere vult, siscitat, and them defends as fully.

The Moral then, if men might not mistake,
 Well understood, this use may of it make :
 Look to your selves, as Lyons lying sleeps,
 Make me the Pismire that in private peeps,
 And sees the snare, as in my Monarchs mite
 I set it out, boasting before I bite.
 Look then about you, Lyons lye in peril,
 First thank the Pismire, then conceal the quarrel.
 And since I do apply the point so plain,
 I hope my pratlings prove not words in vain.

Praxiteles and *Apelles* with their Skill,
 One with his Carving, the other with his Quill,
 Could never paint your Pictures so perfit
 In Colours as I do, in black and white.
 This Abstract only owns you as a Glasse,
 The big Book brings you in a better dresse.

Upon this Epitome of the Chronicle.

This my Abstract looks just as *Janus* did,
 Two ways, albeit my big Book doth forbid
 Such double dealing, clearly doth discover
 Each person plainly these three Kingdoms over,
 And of the King thinks it not much amiss
 Unto his Councils clearly to tell this,
 That neither Envy, Pride, nor Power take place,
 As *Rehoboam's* Counsellours in the case,
 Who were Beardless Boys, but prove as you appear,
 To put good Counsel in your Sovereigns Ear,
 And so as Wise and Valiant Captains keep
 Your King secure, your selves in safety sleep.
 All which the big Book brings abroad indeed,
 Though this conveys you with a shorter thred.

Pro Aris & Focis.

NOW since my Muse my mind confines,
 Read only these ensuing Lines,
 For ne'rtheless my weeping Verse,
 I may be you may hear me rehearse
 That of the Courser and the Afs
 In *Æsop*, you know how it was,
 To put such *Latin* Lines in Rhime
 Turns to no Treason at this time:
 Then therefore take it as ye get it,
 For *volens volens*, I'll repeat it:
 In learned lines and skilful *Scots*,
 Book-bred up Boys may borrow notes:
 Cannot misls in metre mix it,
Bene qui latuit bene vixit.
 I love to lurk well, live well too;
 Doth *Dives* do so, what say you?
 My Lines are like my self, I'm sure,
 Both bad, and both become obscure:
 And yet though both come by the by,
 So many make Tautology.
 Though since again I must make bold
 To bring in both to make you scold:
 For both these Lines whereon you look
 Are both the best that's in my Book.
 You have more learning too than I,
 Read them, and tell me if I lye.

Contemnentur ab iis quos ipse
Prius contempere, with a whipse;
Et irridentur ab iis quos ipse
Prius irrisere, juggling Gypsie.
 Englished.

Thou shalt be laugh'd at, and forlorn,
 By those thou first didst scoff and scorn.

But

But now I should go seek a Surgeon.
 These Lines so cruelly do scourge-on:
 And yet your self my Judge shall be,
 Many men merit as much of me,
 And when my big Book goes abroad,
 Too late to come to kiss the Rod.

Mean time

If Wealth doth vanish,
 Which Pride doth banish,
 Grieve never-ever then thereat.
Irus & est subito, qui modo Cræsus erat.
 As *Irus* he is poor to day,
 Who did with *Cræsus* Coffers play.

Nequa quem

*Si fortune me tormente,
 Esperance me contente.*

If *Scotch* and *English* will not do,
 Take *Latin* and *Italian* too;
 If four will neither do nor drive,
 I'll furnish *French*, to make them five.

But lest by Lines I lay on loads,
 And puzzle you by Repeating,
 I'll only tell of two feign'd Gods
 Charm'd one another by Cheating:

Thus.

When *Jupiter*, for *Juno's* sake,
 Fell in a furious Shower,
 Low in her Lap, and nigh a Lake,
 The only way to wooe her:
 Even when he in his Courage came,
 On full account to Court her,
 Though he ran rudely, like a Rain,
 He vow'd he would not hurt her;

ut only tell some merry tales,
 No less than half a score,
 affirming whatsoever fails,
 He would have one word more.
 Then *Juno* (though she lov'd the jest)
 Call'd *Jupiter* a few,
 Turning her T--- to him in hast,
 She said, Great Sir, adieu.
 And so say I, for should my Muse
 Make Rhimes as I make room,
 Then we should have enough of News,
 Until the Day of Doom.

Epistle Dedicatory.

Epistles come first, but this being *Curst*,
 comes last.

TO all I aim at, one and other,
 To Learned Bards, being born a Brother.

1. At Juggling Jesters enter I,
 The subject of my Theam,
 And if I cannot such descry
 Let me then be by them.
2. Thousands of such are summon'd in,
 And in effect found faulty;
 Dejected so, dare not begin
 To plead one grain, Not Guilty.
3. Of all the ill wherewith my Pen
 Doth point, and I believe

Amongst

Amongst such multitudes of men
Some prove superlative.

4. In Envy, Avarice, and even
That sin that shut the Gates
Against the Angels; once in Heaven
Destroying all Estates.

5. Pride which my Pen cannot express,
And malice with it mixt,
Drown'd in the depth by drunkenness,
With *Sodoms* sins annex.

6. Base Pride that doth the Flock infect,
For those that over-look
The Sheep, do not the fore dissect,
They want the Scriptures Crook.

7. For when the Shepherds self is so
Pust up with Pride, the people
Must perish; haughty * Herds you know
Do scorn to keep the Cripple.

* Herds-

8. Such cursed faults confounding all,
Of high and low degree,
That when they come to me the names to call,
My self scapes not Scot-free.

9. For Pride surpassing in a man,
Especially a Preacher,
Whose Tongue was train'd not to trepan,
By being like a Lecher.

10. And still to Paraphrase on Pride,
(The Pulpit most polluting)
On such when simple Flocks confide,
The success must be suiting.

11. But I'm inform'd you fret that I
Preach in so poor a Pulpit,
When I with Patience must comply,
Because I cannot help it.

12. And yet although you see me from
Employment so suspended,
I doubt not but the day shall come
Perchance King *Charles* may mend it.
13. However I'll now employ my powers
To weigh your woes with mine,
And every eight and forty hours
One with the other Dine.
14. But that you have too deep a Dish
For me to dip into,
Though always wallowing in your wish,
May you indeed undo.
15. I know the Act you'r angry at,
My Mote lyes in your Eye ;
But if you will not wink at that,
Cry out then, what care I ?
16. My Book's the bit whereat you bite,
Though things lye therein lockt :
Have ye cast off your Courage quite,
To cry before you'r knockt ?
17. Will you be as the full-fed Fish,
Snap at the shining Hook ?
And then content to have that Dish
Call'd up for from the Cook.
18. Will that within your mouth be meat,
Or help your hungry maw,
You cannot any of it eat,
It is not from the raw.
19. Fall how it will, or well or worse,
I care not how it come ;
Since you for me had no remorse,
I'll make you pay the summ.
20. The only Anchor easing me,
I'm not oppress'd by pelf,

Nor am I so incens'd to see
The Parliament it self.

21. But having wasted all the Ware
Which *Ovid* made to move her:
Excuse me, overcome with care,
The Crumbs for to recover.

22. To shew our Sovereign Lord at last
In lines of Lamentation,
The many passages that past,
To's Majesties admiration.

23. But since I on no name now call,
Nor clears it, though I can;
Frown not, lest your own Pride spoil all,
So make your self the man.

24. Which if? What can ye then expect,
(Such works of darkness do)
But when your Carcase is correct,
A *Mene Tekel* too.

Dan. 5. 2

25. A finger writing on the Wall,
O Fool, for all thy Feast,
This night thy self thy Soul and all,
Shall trot to Hell in haste.

Luke 12. 20, 2

26. These sayings are united now,
To give the more contents,
It is not that I talks to you,
But both the Testaments.

27. Who then can get those great degrees
To him due, do you think?
When Princes creeping on their knees,
Brought *Baltshazer* Bowls to drink:

28. Though now he's on another score,
So soon such mercies miss,
To day his Dignities adore,
Then at his honours hiss.

29. B

9. But better born a lower Sail,
 When *Boreas* blew so high,
 Or Fortunes frown can cast the Scale
 On others, as on I.

10. Now he that thinks me too severe,
 Or too censorious either,
 Tell him as a friend, what's fair,
 Let him say nothing rather.

To spite (to speak plain) prompts my Muse
 (Though on no change they chuse me)
 Not to tell truth in Terms abstruse,
 My Conscience could accuse me,
 And make my Friends refuse me.

St. *Augustine* said,
Hiems Horrens, Æstas torrens
Virent prata, vernant Sata.

These Notes now that are here annex,
 (More Moral than Divine)
 Only take them for my Text,
 Words of St. *Augustine*.

A Paraphrase upon the Words.

Eight Souls were once within the Ark,
 And all not righteous neither,
 Eight thousand Bodies in this Bark,
 Which I have raised rather.
 Though all (whence I have busied been)
 Within the same, I say,
 Each Sympathy shall not be seen,
 As in these Lines I lay.
 Or eight or four emphatick words
 (The seasons of the Year)

In which such Concordance accords,
 As hereby doth appear.
 The cold concurs with scorching heat,
 Meadows grow green you see,
 Corn carry'd home, made up to eat,
 All things but men agree.
 Wherefore my Muse shall move no more,
 Such sores expect no Plaisters,
 But say (as I have thought before)
 I serve unthankful Masters.

Throughout three Kingdoms, ev'n to all,
 I send my Jests in general.

Sonnet.

My foresaid fancies, in effect,
 Must suffer censure, I suspect,
 Though at no Innocents I aim,
 My Chronicle can Knaves proclaim,
 So Friends may my Reflections fear,
 As much as Foes, where faults appear.
 And if you say my Books abuse you,
 And fight with me, I'll not refuse you.
 For lines do link conceits so on it,
 They constitute a serious Sonnet.
 Nothing ill spoken, if not ill taken,
 The words themselves will you awaken;
 Whose Emblems blazon my defence,
Honi soit qui Mal y pense.

The piece whereof I so much speak
 At Anchor lyes by *London*,
 Where Passengers (by Sea) fell sick,
 Of sixty not a sound one.

ut in this same Epitome
 (As safe as on the shore)
 Though thousands drown, some shall go dry,
 Or never trust me more.

The Argument.

the Author of the Ark,
 shall I rather say the Bark?
 or this Fly-boat; one or another,
 if you were my first-born Brother?
 and so faithless, not befriend me,
 these fancies following will defend me.

if this strict Abstract moves you less or more,
 is a token something toucht the sore,
 and that as soon as e're the Book that bears
 the Burthens out, we will be by the Ears,
 unless the Lesson *Ovid's Art* doth urge,
principiis obsta, prove a perfect purge:
 will then the Epitome of that good mans life,
Epictetus, can only end the strife. *Sustine and Abstine.*
 bear and forbear, first bear a bit with me,
 and then forbear, so bad a Friend to be;
 howe're, could malice tye my Tongue in Tophet,
 once more I tell you, I may prove a Prophet.
 tell much truth, though under waves I write,
 but my Creator can my Cause requite.
 let blow on me, but better buffet them,
 that Pen lampoons for publishing your shame:
 lampoons put Bells upon the Ladies Beagles.
 laid in their Laps; then with the Wings of Eagles
 they range abroad, but these are not as those,
 My Rhimes as yet remain under the Rose:
 Though Beagles black spots will neither wash nor wither,
 A modest Muse may many secrets smother.

Volumes of Verses wasted all in vain
 On persons so polluted and profane,
 Who though they are not mentioned in these Verses,
 Dye when they will, that day I'll deck their Herfes.
 Their sins are such, most part indeed outdo
 Both *Sodom* and *Gomorrha's* motions too.
 I have recorded, as I could collect,
 But fail'd in my performance, I suspect.
 I enter *Item*, you are owing that,
 And *Item* also you remember what :
 Then waving words, I cast my Cyphers so,
 That I can make up Millions with an O :
 Add O to O, and yet with all the O's,
 Cannot the half of all the Debts disclose
 They owe; and so shall leave them in Arrear,
 Until my Chronicle all Accounts make clear.
 Their Gold's their God they trust, but I trust to
 The God of *Shadrach*, *Meshech* and *Abednego*.

*Seria mixta Jocis.**Scotland and Ireland's Constitutions, Dispositions and Resolutions.*

Scotland keeps all within it self, and say
 They'r bound in Conscience for the King to pray,
 But give no money ; *Ireland's* even as ill,
 For there the King gets as much with their will.
Scotland's an ancient Kingdome that's well known,
 The King, and all that's in it, is their own,
 And yet gets nothing. But the Generous Jester,
Jenkins, you know being merry with his Master,
 Said, if your own must fast when others feast,
 Devil be your own, said *Jenkins* in a Jest,
 But in the big Book I disburse things better,
 Which till it comes, the King knows not his debtor.
 And extant once, his Majesty makes bold
 By new Collectors to call off the old.
 Seeing none that's in it (that's a a certain thing)
 For nothing will serve neither God nor King.
 But keeping *Ireland* for themselves, I'll swear't,
 They will be faithful Subjects, never fear't.
 As for my self, I shall expect no place,
 There are such curious questions in the case :
 One is, I no more must be call'd a *Scot*,
 Or else eight hundred golden Guinea's got :
 But then the third thing far exceedeth those,
 What need we Fighters when we fear no foes ?
 Old *German* Justlers were at beating best,
 Now Boys are better, Papists being supprest.
 Before my fight four times six years had seen,
 Throughout six Kingdoms had my body been,

Lord Forbes
in Scotland his
Fidler.

Bore Arms in each ; where seeing all that's there,
 I view'd one vice much made of every where,
 Ingratitude, mark'd by that deep Divine,
 And pious Pen-man, wise St. *Augustine*,
 Who surely saith Ingratitude's ingroft
 Next to the Sin against the Holy Ghost ;
 Which odious Ills innate in high ones here ;
 Where I have purchast my Experience dear.
 How fare they then that do that Vice so woode,
 For which my Muse doth make so much ado ?
 Shall they not drown in that Deluge so deep,
 Destroying Christians, and all things that creep ?
 Surely they shall, unless they draw advice
 From what I writ, for I have told them twice
 I have an Ark where all things are, whence I
 Sent out a Dove above the Floods to flye :
 Which Dove indeed, as Doves delight to do,
 Return'd, and turn'd round with a Cutry Cooe :
 And in her Bill an Olive Leaf did bring,
 Whence I observ'd the spending of the Spring.
 So call'd all out, where finding few but free,
 I did Record them in a high degree.
 But for the rest whose Tarts upon their Tables
 Taste not like trifles feigned in *Aesop's* Fables :
 On which I fed not, nor got Golden grains,
 Nor parings of a Pudding for my pains.
 If e're I had one Chip or Chaff to chew,
 Whence I presume such to incense to shew,
 And those are these, because I would conclude,
 To whom the Saint assigns Ingratitude :
 That take so much, would fain for shame get off,
 And then the giver they begin to scoff,
 Says *Augustine*.

Qui i quo plus debent, magis oderunt.

The Argument.

One comes, whom I *Isca*riot call,
 (Which name denotes a Knave)
 By questions to discover all,
 But I the Thief deceive.

*Isca*riot came my feigned Friend at least,
 For faithful Friends are now not in request,
 And talkt so much till his Discourse grew scarce,
 Wooing me then to put his words in Verse:
 Some Questions ask'd; I answer'd that, That's true;
 And what that was, the words themselves ensue:
 Reading some things, he shak'd his head, and says,
 How many Pamphlets have you penn'd in praise
 Of powerful persons, and must now proclaim
 The cold requitals you receiv'd of them.
 He also urg'd, might he be bold to ask,
 Were those I mention'd muffled with a Mask?
 Or did I court them with a Complement,
 Not daring to repay the punishment
 I had endured? To which I answer'd thus,
 The very words of wise *Epi*ctetus:
 Him not to hurt that hurt me, but to do
 In that ev'n as says *Cicero* to me too:
 When in thy hands thy foes to whip do lye,
 Shew thou them then most magnanimity.
 Says he: but lest I should my self deceive,
 By trusting of a Counterfeited Knave,
 I said what's said is in my Chronicle,
 And it may choak you, if it chances ill;
 Adding but this, which construe if you can,
 Your feign'd profession shall not me Trepan.
 It were not fair if for such faults as what
 They do to me I should retalliate;

But in a matter, though of moral trust,
To give to all in general what is just.

Let Critical men and *Momus*,
Take this resolute reckoning from us.

The Critick can cry out perchance
Upon my Muse and *Momus*,
May do so, but one day they'll dance,
Receiving something from us.
The bigger Book may bring a blush
For their abusing these :
In it the cunning Knave I crush,
In more emphatick phrase.
For there almost in every Leaf,
By help of *Homer's* head,
I something have to hang a Thief,
In dainty draughts indeed.

To *Ireland's* Partners of its pelf,
(Whereof though I am none my self)
Yet I leave them a Legacy,
In these ensuing lines you see.

The First Part.

All *Ireland* is the King's, and there
He keeps a multitude with care
Call'd Subjects, not much Revenue
To entertain such Retinue.
Subjects rightly understood,
In mind and manners that were good :
But when our wills are wavering, we
Are not such as we seem to be.
Our King is as Kings are in Play,
And Plays are alter'd every day.

Mistake me not now, search your thought,
 And there the alteration's wrought :
 For though our thoughts may seem to vanish,
 Rebellious deeds we hardly banish.
 Our thoughts and wishes weigh the same
 As they were done, endeavouring them.
 Of *Ireland* too, this story stands,
 The Riches are in Hucksters hands.
 Though none of *Ireland's* mine, I mean
 How *Ireland's* order'd that is seen.
 But speaking much makes Parrots prate,
 And that's an ill I imitate :
 Yea, speaking spoils men, some alledge,
 Though Poets prate *per* Priviledge.
 For my part, my Speech spreads so far,
 Some think me not fit for the War,
 But they do spare me to imploy ;
 For if? they should no jests enjoy :
 Nor is there fighting where we are,
 Young men are meetest for such War :
 All old men must sit still and sleep,
 Being only apt to catch and keep.
 Their actions are accordingly,
 As *Bacchus* bib abundantly.
 And yet they have not heard nor seen
 Me catch one Cup two Meals between.
 As for our feats in War, I'm sure
 I fought one night near *Elshonneur*,
 Hard work one day beside *Stateene*,
Trailfount, *Gripswall*, have you those seen ?
 In *Pomerland*, at *Walagast*,
 I fully fourteen days did fast :
 Nor Bread nor Beef, but one dead Horse,
 Green Furs to fry him, that was worse :
 We boil'd his Buttocks into Baggs,
 From top to tail, tore all in tags.

The *German* Ditches were so dry,
 Could get no drink if I should dye.
 At *Wallagast* was so agast,
 I fought and run away as fast:
 For feet whereon a stout man stands,
 He hath to help him as his hands.
 Then we march'd on I know not where,
 Hunger enough had to my share.
 Through *Sweedland*, *Poland*, many places,
 Saw thousands there with wither'd faces;
 Sea-sick, Ship-broke, nigh drown'd one day
 Upon the Nose of *Noraway*.
 For there the Sea did swell, I say,
 With Froth and Cold; a cruel day:
 Three hundred men that day were drown'd,
 All cast away within the *Sound*.
 Fish on our Flesh fed as a prey,
 And *Neptune* fled himself away.
 Our roaring from the Rocks redound,
 The Devil that day was well-nigh drown'd.
 But you may say truth will not hold,
 Of all, the truth must not be told:
 Yet I tell truth, if you will try,
 Though I am priviledg'd to lye.
Elsenburg, *Ustate*, *Landscrowne*, and *Malme*,
 By them foul Fortunes did befall me;
 But quickly got good recompence,
 By *Young Fro-Sophia Rosincranc*.
 But what? unless you can compel,
 'Twere Treason in my Tongue to tell.
 Mistake not now my talking this,
 The *Danish* Dames no man dare kiss
 In Complement, before another:
 Ladies only embrace their Brother.
 But that being past, should I been drown'd,
 I swam in Shallops on the *Sound*,

Till I arriv'd at *Copenhagen*,
 Where I did venture in a Waggon,
 Though soon began to go afoot,
 For want of one thing made me do't.
 I travell'd still from Town to Town,
 Two days together, ne'r fat down.
 Where *Pompey* past in pomp and pride,
 I ran, could have no Horse to ride;
Armenia, Media and Cilicia;
 Came capering to *Cappadocia*:
 A hundred houses (I would wonder)
 So poor I could pick up no plunder,
 I wander'd where, I knew not how,
 But where I saw much more than you.
 And through all *Germany* did juggle,
 Sometimes so wanton I would whistle.
 Then I resolv'd I would go over,
 If I should swim, and drink in *Dover*.
 So I came capering to *Kent*,
 Next day lo I to *London* went,
 Where I had much Command, being horst,
 A Captain first *, that was the worst;
 Then how I prosper'd, if you please
 To prove: I past through all degrees.
 In *Ireland*, now I'll write one wonder,
 How I have past the Pikes by plunder,
 Bore never Arms there, nevertheless
 Yet you shall see how Devils me dress;
 Though I in *Ireland* never won ought,
 Four hundred Knaves came out of *Connaught*,
 And in my absence, in an hour
 Stript Wife and Children, did devour
 All things I had without, within,
 Left nothing but the naked skin:
 My Trunks, and all therein extorted,
 And in an instant all transported.

* 1642.

A punishment perpetual,
 Came home unto a hungry Hall :
 My Wife and Children all did dye,
 And left me in extremity :
 Nor was it in a time of War,
 But quietness, as now we are.
 Think you then, since I was destroy'd
 So here, I should be here imploy'd :
 But being not, lo I perceived
 How wickedly the World was waved :
 And for the King compos'd a Book,
 Wherein his Majesty may look,
 And see things never seen before,
 I hope I need not name them more :
 But all such sorrows suffer'd I,
 Then turn'd my Pen to Poetry,
 Till I could tell you this and that,
 In words that you would wonder at :
 But if you please I shall suspend
 My pratling now, and make an end :
 For Rhiming proves not worth a Rush,
 But Wind that's blowing in a Bush :
 Though, as they say, if things so fall,
 Some blows may blow us over the Wall.
 By such Oppressions I may speed,
 So said the Prodigal indeed,
Periissem nisi periissem now,
 No doubt, he knew then what to do :
 He also said, as I collect'um,
Vexatio dat Intellectum.
 And I may speed, as some suspect,
 For this same Distich, 'tis so direct ;
 Remembring *Ovid's* well-read Rhime,
Principiis obsta, now is the time.
 But I speak humbly to my Prince,
 For words few others will convince.

Envy with Ease, Pride, Power and Pelf,
 Make men take most upon themselves.
 But all that's here is but by wording,
 My big Book brings a better burden ;
 There what I wrote, I vow'd to do,
 In promise and performance too :
 But what remains, must rest upon
 A mental Reservation.
 But I again am gone amiss,
 (So prays you in Parenthesis,
 To pardon me till I have wrote,
 Some Towns by chance I have forgot,
 From *Amsterdam* to *Rotterdam*,
 I cannot tell well whence I came :
 But two Towns more I'll tell to you,
 And then I have not much to do ;
Hamburg is one, *Antwerp* another,
 Then I came home to meet my Mother.)

The Second Part.

Now if some things are here misplac't,
 Receive two reasons, Sick and Haste,
 Though not so sick nor hasty neither,
 To spoil my Foe, nor spare my Father :
 Be how it will, please you to read,
 I'll give you all these when I'm dead.
 For you deserve no less at least,
 Than feed a while upon my Feast :
 Proceed then, and consider why
 I leave you such a Legacy.
 Delivering likewise no stoln story,
 But very real Inventory,
 Of all my Goods and Chattels too,
 And every thing I thought to do.
 Where I have been, what I have seen,
 And what fell often out between.

I tell my Crosses and my Losses,
 My to's and fro's, and twenty tosses :
 At every bait I bite a bit,
 But all the holes I cannot hit :
 Some points I press as Prophecy,
 Which men may feel before they dye :
 How these that boast now of their bravery
 Shall suffer, and be seen in slavery ;
 For though what herein I have hinted,
 Appear as Dreams till they be Printed.
 But wise mens Wills are prov'd by Proby,
 If my necessity should so be ;
 Be how it will, take notice now,
 By Pen or Print I'll punish you.
 Your self shall judge, in Justice I
 Do deal with Knaves accordingly.
 All that I say and do indeed,
 May come to pass, I pray take heed :
 May prove a day of Doom to many,
 And to your self as soon as any :
 I say your self, whoe're you be,
 But means of more than two or three :
 And so my Soul I give to God,
 I know my Carcass but a clod.
 Being sure my Dictates, if I dye,
 Deserve thanks of his Majesty :
 For notwithstanding Testament,
 Words, wishes and a long complaint :
 That attribute that doth belong
 To God, I'll imitate, if not wrong ?
 By it being bound to wait on God,
 Who's long before he brings the Rod :
 As by these following words I vow,
 Which may fall heavy upon you.

*Ad pœnam tardus Deus est, & præmia velox,
 Sed pensare solet vi graviore Moram.*

I'm so manured, so plow'd and puzzl'd,
 Much worse than any one that's muzzl'd :
 My Crosses and my Melancholy,
 Make me write Rhimes religiously.
 As doth appear by these you read,
 Albe't they are not mine indeed.
Perpetua impietas nec mensæ tempore cessat,
Exagitat vesana quies somnique furentes.
 Neither at Bed nor yet at Board,
 Will great despair small rest afford.
 Now those these touch not to the quick,
 With me will not a quarrel pick.
 Or if they do, I dare defend,
 And doubts not some may condescend.
 But lest you say I run in rage,
 I'll end this purpose on this page :
 And so shall put no more upon it,
 But end my sorrow with a Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

My Testament consists of two
 Parts, my false Friends I'll tell you how :
 First day I fell fast in a Feaver,
 Sweating as swimming in a River ;
 Where all things not in order are,
 Though not from purpose very far :
 But then the next day you may find
 I had a well composed mind.
 My Tongue could tattle tales in *Latin*,
 As Priests can mumble mornings Mattin :
 For whatsoever's in the end,
 Both Rhime and Reason I'll defend :
 Say what you will, or no or I,
 If you refuse, truth Friend you lye.
 Howe're I'll add no more now on it,
 But give you time to sing this Sonnet.

I'm sure now had you suffer'd such as I,
 And by bad carriage been constrain'd to cry,
 You would not stay to make the matter Metre,
 Though mine be bad, yours might be scarce compleat;
 But you would scold, and pierce their Pride in Prose,
 Rather than see the game go as it goes.
 And to retalliate, not your strength restrain,
 Though I have wasted my fair words in vain.
 Now cast's my cause (in Chronicles) between 'um,
 (My King and Courtiers) closing, *Respice finem.*

'Two Witnesses make every question clear,
 Then by that rule no man can call me Lye;
 My Muse and I did on these Secrets sit,
 And so gave Sentence as we found was fit:
 Though here are Millions meeting at the Bar,
 To two conditions all reduced are:
 Or Good or Guilty, no party hath appeal'd,
 The Verdict's past, so is the Sentence seal'd.

Reader,

My Book is now no better than a Bird,
 Bound to the good behaviour of a Herd,
 That hath it fast between his hungry hands,
 As now my Book at your Tribunal stands,
 Waiting the Verdict of a dangerous dozen,
 Whose factious Fore-man faithlessly undoes one:
 But I despair not, Vertue wins reward,
 I play above-board when I cast my Card.
 And though I do the Bargain dearly buy,
 The Mite belongs to millions more than I.
 Weigh then the words wherewith I waste my Wit,
 And you shall see your self concern'd in it.
 My main Mistake is in my method most,
 For of my matter I may boldly boast,

but that I venture with a hand so high
 To put advice unto his Majesty
 Upon Record, things being so sublime,
 The King can scarcely cure it all this time,
 Unless my Sovereign in such moral matters
 Try by the Touch-stone, as we all are Cheaters,
 To cure the Canker, which I do implore,
 My Monarch may, but I dare move no more;
 Because the fault wherein I dive, I do
 Repent, and yet repeats it to you too,
 For which on such, much, though I so insist,
 'm pardon'd when the Kings hands I have kist.

The Conclusion.

Now I'm perswaded I present
 A piece so poorly polisht,
 That every Babler will be bent
 To have my Book abolisht :
 But since you see within the thing
 So many Authors are,
 And that it so concerns the King,
 If you be wise, beware.
 Besides, if all are subjects, sure
 I'm one amongst the rest:
 And would a Dunghil Dog endure
 To be by Pride supprest :
 No, no, the basest Beast I'll bring
 That creeps, to scape your scorns ;
 The Snail I say, that silly thing,
 Being hurt, shoots out his Horns.
 But to conclude with calmness now,
 (My Flesh was in a flame)
 I shall say soberly to you,
Par pari referam.

*Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat Arator,
Enumerat Miles vulnera, Pastor oves.*

Souldiers and Sailers, Shepherds, Plow-men speak
Of Sheep, of Oxen, Winds, Wounds, all the week;
Cadgers talk too of Saddles, things to carry,
So I would tell you, had I time to tarry;
That in this Abstract I'd confess, but cannot,
The four last ride, the first's a Souldier, I cannot.
Better been Shepherd, Cadger, Sailer, Plow-man,
Than Souldier through seven Kingdoms; that's for you
And me too

A Sonnet.

These Abstracts are but as the Morning-Star,
Which goes before a larger light by far:
So when the big Book goes abroad, be sure,
I think you shall its dazzling not endure:
For as a Cloud eclipse the clearest Sky,
The Chronicle covers the Abstracts, that's no lye.
Then happy is he whose Errors I omit,
But who can say, he has deserved it?
Let me lye at *Bethesda's* Pool, but not
Come in for cure, Knaves can keep out a *Scot*.
Our Sovereign sees a Rhime can render reason,
And *Solomon* says, a thing that's said in season
Is sweet and sure; according to my Skill,
I say, I thank you, in my Chronicle.

A Paraphrase upon these Abstracts.

Abstracts are but the bits of good and ill,
This is the Quintessence of my Chronicle.
And Abstracts only shew things but in thorts,
Quintessence all within one word imports;
Even so you can by Quintessence conceive
The full effect, things can you not deceive.

Abstracts of Abstracts may abstracted be,
 As by this Abstract you receive, you see:
 And since this Pamphlet plainly doth appear
 The Abstract of three Nations now so near;
 Although I thought the substance of the thing
 Was more than I in such a Book could bring.
 Now ne'rtheless I find I might forbore
 T' have mention'd *Ireland*, and my Wits not worn
 On such a Subject, or the Subjects in it,
 Its Abstract grieves me that I did begin it:
 Because upon Experience I may spell
 Mens Sur-names, and then in an Abstract tell
 Their Imperfections, and in effect afford
 Their faults, and fix their frailties on Record.
 As in a Prospect, things do seem, though far,
 As fair as when nigh to the Eye they are.
 And as in Maps a man may Mountains measure,
 And in few Figures cast up *Cræsus* Treasure:
 So in this Abstract though you think you see
 Motes in a mist, yet you may trust to me,
 To make each Mote much like a Mountain: All
 The Abstract is, as a Partition-wall,
 Which I'll remove, so shall you surely see,
 These few lines following, an Epitome
 Of all the pains my Prayers could not prevent,
 Till I proclaim'd them by this Complement.
 Seeing some here such sorrows never suffer'd
 As I, but when a fair occasion offer'd,
 Although one place them certain thousands paid;
 They plead for two, untill they are array'd
 In Robes that's rich, and till they really rise
 Puff'd up with Pride, poor Souls to Sacrifice.
 Which when I saw their ways so vicious, I
 Imploy'd my Pen these praises to display.

1. Ignoble natures, nigh, innate in all,
2. And who can me a wrong Accomptant call?
3. All are unthankful signs are seen in me:
4. And though you fret, you find your self not free.
5. Wherefore for all your Pride, expect in Print,
6. Largely laid out, but whereat here I hint.
7. No Conscience, nor firm friendship find I neither,
8. In many, most men are unrighteous rather.

To spend more Paper, and to spoyle my Pen,
Falsly to flatter such unfaithful men:

I'll not, but say, since most men me so urge:

Pious St. *Patrick* could not such people purge.

Wherefore some shall be forc'd, for what I say,
From where they are, but better been away.

Turpius ejicitur, quam non admittitur Hospes.

To such (if any are) as censure my sayings.

No man can act Acts humouring every ear,

More than these humours I have acted here:

If then you censure any Act at all

That's in my Ark, or from my fancies fall:

Then for that Act, lo I this Act allow,

Amend my fault, e're I will fall on you.

The Act being easie, Verses to envy,

Know I the man, I'll make the Critick cry,

By heaping heavy burdens on his back,

Unless he mend the main mistakes I make:

And I believe, had you been baffled by

Them so, your self would write worse Verse than I:

For failing not to turn up my Abstracts,

You'll find that I was urg'd to all my Acts;

And if the Act be easie too to try,

If twenty years acts in extremity,

Might tempt a man to venture words (I vow)
 With mine, then all my labours I'll allow,
 Twenty years yet, for all I'm aiming at,
 Would tempt few Fools, unless they knew for what.
 But were the dictates desperate all I do,
 I'm tempted most extremely thereunto.

St. *Ambrose* says of Temptation,
Nemo diu fortis est, by me these words are wrong,
 I have stood out too long at least against Temptation strong.



The Abstracts Apologue, And to all, the Epilogue.

Abstracts and extracts, twenty tricks I own,
 Three Kingdoms evil Instruments to make known:
 For just as *Jonah* preached to *Ninevy*,
 Pressing Repentance on them all, so I
 Have plaid the Prophet, but mistook my time,
 Must therefore rest, rehearsing of this Rhime.
 At Chess, by chance, a pawn assumes the power
 To make the King a Captive for an hour:
 But then the Dwarf durst not that draught have drawn,
 Had not the King put power into the pawn.
 So Supreme Power precisely did imploy
 My Muse, till I almost became a coy
 To train all in, and bring them to the Bar
 To be condemn'd, as in your Arms they are:
 Of whom I tell what in effect's found true,
 Justice in general without doubt is due;
 Even in the Abstract should I censure all,
 I durst affirm it, whether I stand or fall:
 Only a few for fashion I forbear,
 Who will prove proud when my Epistles appear.
 As Peacocks spread their precious Feathers when
 They gaze upon their glory; so some men

Admire themselves, as I admire their manners,
 And doubtless one day will display their banners.
 Opening my Ark, and sending forth the freight,
 They'll think I reckon them *Noah's* righteous eight:
 That as I found them faithful men and free,
 I may requite their kindness unto me.
 But to my Prince at present I appeal,
 And humbly hereto set my Hand and Seal.

William Mercer.



Sonnet.

What *Furnius* said unto *Augustus*, I
 Shall not the same to you say, lest I lye.
 He heap'd such grateful gifts upon his head,
Furnius affirmed, he damnified him indeed:
 Such say I not, but I alledge at least,
Res peremptoria ingratitude est:
 Saith of my self, as *Seneca* said before,
 They owe me so much, most men me abhor.
 So my good will is wasted all in vain,
 To give, not get, so much as thanks again.
Donat in hamo, I have no such lot,
 But think some Hooks are hanging in your throat.
 This Sonnet bids you be asham'd to sing
 The same, or see it come before the King.

To the Reader.

Reader,
 Take notice on what ticklish terms,
 I wrap wise men up in my Arms:

And, ask you why ? I'll answer it,
 With ease, and in a phrase as fit :
 Should I some whom I speak of, peel,
 And cast in knots, even as an Eel,
 They are so slimy, though they slip
 Through all my fingers, with a whip
 Forth from this Fly-boat that they'r in,
 Out of my Ark, they will not win,
 Till I it open, then some there
 Whose ugly acts infect the air,
 Will say they're not (unless they lye)
 Of *Noah's* faithful Family :
 Who though some crosses they escape,
 In time may taste a tarter Grape.
 My Muse on most men may intrude,
 That grieved me with ingratitude.
 But I have warped a Vow I vow,
 More than can well be woven now.
 Howe're as I'm a mortal man,
 To every Ell I'll add a span.

Reader, my Rhimes sure are not so exact
 As I would wish, you know a strict Abstract
 Is still abstruse, ill to be understood,
 Albeit the matter must be granted good.
 And though this small Boat but appears a puff,
 My Ark's at Anchor ; sure, and safe enough.
 Though 'u Laugh, and lay this bit below your bum,
 Take care you cry not, when the big Books come.

Postscript.

In Answer to an Answer.

Because you ask what's in my Ark,
 My Answer is, a man may mark

Millions of Miscreants, and I
 Anatomize them merrily:
 First, counts the knacks of all the Knaves,
 Since thirty eight that's in their Graves:
 And then as truly tells the names
 Of Knaves alive, and them proclaims
 In clear Characters, then I come,
 With all the skill I can to some.
 Salutes them too, and then repeats
 The passages of three Estates:
 And yet for all the points I press,
 I spare some Knaves I must confess;
 Though I know the Acts they're aiming at,
 I take no notice now of that:
 But as soon as the game begins
 I'll make them laugh, at least that wins,
 And when the big Book's brought abroad,
 Creep on their knees to kiss the rod.

So I have done. Adieu.

Donat in hamo.

Who gets a gift, he hath a hook at with
 Within his Jaws, fast as he were a Filth.
 But none can say I am not fairly free,
Donat in hamo hath no hold in me.

The Argument :

O R,

The meaning of some things ensuing,
 And Rhimes already read, renewing.

In a Sonnet.

These fancies (Sir) your fault affords,
 If you rage, reading of the words:
 Which words I venture to your view,
 The Ark and Abstract both being true.

Seeing

Seeing they a prosperous, pleasant gale
 With you ; if friendly words avail,
 Read line by line, then as they lye,
 Apply the same impartially.
 Wherein I wooe a foe as Father,
 Though I ill natures win not neither :
 My Muse in Rhimes must rather rail at
 Bad passengers, paying not the Pilot.
 Wherefore see how these lines alledges
 A proud complaint within few pages.
 The angry Authors strange distractions,
 Strange Stratagems, and strange transactions :
 His murder'd Muse impartial praises
 Friendless, Faithless, fruitless phrases :
 With an impartial Paraphrase,
 By one that daily duly draws
 On *Plutarch's* precepts to intrude,
 At *Ireland's* ills too to allude.
 Of *Plutarch's* parallels in Prose,
 At *Ireland's* Errors, worse than those.
 Of *Plutarch's* proud ones write one day,
 Of *Ireland's* evermore I may.
 Of *Plutarch's* ills, if any are?
 Of *Ireland's* evils too, too far.
 In *Ireland* I find few that's free,
Plutarch reproves but one, I see.
 In *Ireland* hundreds are that hault,
 In *Plutarch* only one in fault.
Ireland hath thousands such as these are,
Plutarch but speaks to one, as *Cesar* :
 Which person if you would perceive,
 His name now in this Rhime receive,
 Not by the Author of the other,
 But made by one whom he calls Brother.
 Whoever it made, I'm sure you must
 Confess the fancy to be just.

Compar'd in part, read then but that
 Which follows: What I'm aiming at.
 So shall you guess as you go on,
 The points are prest at every one
 Even in my Ark ; and all I do
 In it, and in these Abstracts too.
 Try when you will, you will not want
 Enough, though I of Coyn am scant.

Plutarch parallels *Ireland's* Animals, compar'd in part,
 Whatever follows, see how it falls in an illiterate Art.

At *Ireland's* ignoble Animals here I hint,
 Weighs worth with persons *Plutarch* puts in Print:
 This I have done, and find but few with whom
 I can compare, which makes me almost dumb.
 Rather than press, as could my Quill prevail
 To praise pretenders, when their friendship fail.
 Nor know I one, whose evil actions either
 Rewarded were, but yours may rout them rather:
 Only *Demetrius*, though indeed I dare
 Affirm your faults his to exceed by far,
 Who suffer'd, and such sorrows so endures
 For one offence, which will not weigh with yours.
 Look *Plutarch's* Lives, *Demetrius* liv'd at least
 Full three years out a slave, eat as a Beast,
 But for one fault, which yours would weigh down now,
 Yet it *Demetrius* merits did undo.
 He brake his word but once with friends, when lo
 You brake with me from time to time, you know.
 I'll not apply, but this I may profess,
 God did that then, and now may do no less,
 If you repent not. Money make you, what,
 You cannot know, as blind as is a Bat:
 Come put your part then in the *Scotch-man's* Cap,
 Pull out your lot, look what you have by lap:

And if this Fly-boat press to put you to't,
Prevent the Plot, before the Ark goes out.

Mean time

This is most meet to recommend to you,
Since you desire no good at all to do,
Be careful to become a Subject thrall,
When lucre can as sure ensue withal:
Which doing, doubtless whensoe'r you're dead,
Upon your Urn this Rhime then they shall read:
This Wretch, I vow, was worth no words of Art
At all, within his Epitaph to impart,
But words to draw in draughts that are not dim,
That men may run, read, and remember him.
The words I vow shall be but short, however
Such true words were not seen nor now nor never:
Put to continue on Record, because
I'm always careful for to keep the Laws.
The words indeed are no less sweet than short;
Themselves, I hope, will see me feasted for't,
For whom I speak of; but I chew but chaff,
Pray passenger peruse the Epitaph:
Which I intend to tell in terms that's true,
Or Sacrifice my self, I swear to you.

Epitaph.

*Alas ! lo here lyes one, by Nature's Law,
Whose Second ; sure, or such, you never saw :
He rather suffer'd faithful Friends to fail,
Than spare the poorest pairing of his nail :
And then those Bags, too big for him to bear,
He left for them that laught to lay him here :
But here he lyes, believ't, both Beef and Bone,
Albe't I brag not where his Ghost is gone.*

Weigh

Weigh what I write, I to my Prince appeal,
 Who soon can see corrupt men cast the Scale.
 Traytors are true, that to themselves take all,
 But question'd can, from their profession fall.
 For when some Subjects find their tricks detect,
 The King will know my Chronicle, collect
 Their cunning Knav'ries, wherein when they are taken,
 As Bullruthes, they will with Wind be shaken :
 This Abstract needs employ no *Oedipus*,
 Things to interpret ; it itself renders thus,
 Truly to Readers ; till with Hue and Cry
 My Chronicles come, that knows not how to lye.
 None do deny.

Reader.

Volumes in Verse ; I with the World do venture,
 But you may think that I in anger enter,
 Because I come with *Ovid's* very *Vae ! O*
Ingenio perii, qui miser ipse meo.
 But I dare do so, for this furious why,
 Contest with you, whose carriage makes me cry.
Ovid was made too for his gift no gainer,
 No more am I, whose Verses are not vainer :
 But to compare, I know proceeds of Pride,
 As Beggars be, when they are rais'd to ride.
Ovid was also in prison put for verse,
 And so may I, because my skill is scarce :
 But I forbear, my Pen's pluckt from an Owl,
 And I'm correct, because I crept from School,
 Where had I studied still, for all I know,
 My Verses would have weigh'd with *Ovid's* *O*.
 But I have promis'd not for to compare
 With *Ovid*, nor with any ; but take care,
 For though I say I shall compare with none,
 I may with many that are dead and gone :

I mean

I mean I may compare with men oppress'd,
 In many points one grain is not transgress'd.
 Most men compare, take therefore this of me,
 My Pen proclaims that very few are free,
 Especially Poets compare in Poverties,
 Though they disdain some in their Eminencies.
 More men than I are for their Wit envy'd,
 As by the Touch-stone shall be truly try'd.
 I never acted any ill to any,
 Though now my Muse is meddling with too many.
 My Chronicle doth these three Kingdoms scan
 With no more force but what my Feathers fan :
 But howsoever men must me correct,
 Not caring though my fancies they infect.
 They do postpone me, when preferments fall
 Keep officers off ; Here are no Wars at all :
 Or if *Mars* march, and stout men should be chas'd,
 Hands helping not, quick Feet defend as fast.
 For my part, I my duties daily do :
 Being almost ended, I shall tell you too,
 Follow what will, I am resolv'd to render
 Some Rhimes to *Cæsar*, though they should seem slender :
 And if they do so, sure I shall not lye,
 They may seem serious in my Sovereigns Eye.
 Wherefore upon such ticklish terms I stand,
 Prevents my Prince it not, my Pate's trepann'd.

Memorandum.

These Fortunes fall on those that most do merit,
 The bravest brains the basest lives inherit :
 As by these following four examples here,
 I shew you how false Fortune doth appear.

1. Bees suck the blossoms, but we have the Honey,
2. Poor men dig Mines, rich men have the Money,
3. Sheep furnish Fleeces, and we wear the Wool,
4. Wise-men plant Vines, the Grapes go with the Fool.

Now

Now notwithstanding all these moral matters,
 Whereof my Rhimes are real right relaters:
 Which make men proud; the Female Sexes swell,
 And fail, even as those fatal fancies fall.
 The fair Rose fades, and so flies youth away:
 It grows and blows, it's Beauty in one day:
 So upstart honour, and from whence it flows,
 Ill purchas'd pelf, how soon pull'd down, who knows:
 Take notice then, and shun not wise advice,
 Nor run too rashly on such slip'ry Ice,
 Bought by so dear a price.

I, the Author on my self, and to my self,

In Sonnets.

Because that no man praises me,
 I'll praise my self now you shall see
 Two ways; one is, by Comparing;
 Th' other Patience, being so sparing:
 And though mens praises first are Penn'd,
 I put my own praise at the end.

First Sonnet.

I, *Mercer*, though my skill be scarce,
 Compare with *Maro* making Verse:
 Tell too, my tattling is not Treason,
 Though it be not good Rhime nor Reason:
 And says my News now from *Parnass*,
 Do let few faulty persons pass.

Second Sonnet.

Comparisons to bring abuse are bent,
 But these ensuing seem to give consent:
 For when wise *Maro* Penn'd *Mecænas* praise,
 He took not pains, as *Mercer* making these.

Then *Mercer's* merits may with *Maro's* Muse
 Compare in this, few men may that refuse.
Maro prais'd one, and for his praise was paid ;
Mercer to Millions praises hath display'd,
 In rich Encomiums, and hath undergone
 (Like *Mars* and *Maro*, both combin'd in one.)
 For to defend what he hath Penn'd by word,
 Affirming he will sign it with a Sword.
 So *Mercer* may to purchase modest praise,
 Compare with *Maro* in composing these.
 Then for which praise to make his Pen repine,
 Were not praise-worthy, saith Saint *Augustine*;

Third Sonnet.

Having plainly spoke to ev'ry Paroch people,
 I'll Ring, and Sing, this Sonnet from the Steeple.
 Even as the Priest when he hath mention'd Mass
 Unto the people, proclaims and crys, alas !
 Remits all sins but one, which sin remains,
 And must, till they have paid him for his pains.
 So now, when I do most mens faults set forth,
 Cry out, and call their Consciences scarce worth
 One wink, because my Chronicle proclaims
 All mens unkindness, but conceals their names :
 Waiting with patience, till that they repay
 My pains, and then I pardon them that day.
 If not ; themselves, and all the heaps they handle
 Are cruelly curst, both with Bell, Book and Candle.

As unto many I have Musick made,
 So to my self these Sonnets now are said.

As *Martial* says, so may my Muse in jest,
Lasctiva est nobis pagina, vita proba est.
 My fancy's free, for though I herein hault,
 I censure few but whom I find in fault.

It always has been lawful, and will be,
 To speak of Vice, but let the name go free.
 Which Law my fancy for a while fulfils
 Within this abstract, but my Chronicles
 Set both the Title and the Sur-name too,
 Which I'm in pains both night and day to do.

If any carping Critick now
 Should scoff in any School,
 One Verse that I have written, I vow,
 I'll Chronicle him a Fool :
 But I believe if he look at
 The point in every place,
 He'll view that I have vented what
 Will quash them in the case.

A Farewel Sonnet.

Twice twenty Terms, and almost every hour,
 I tyr'd my Pen, employing of my power
 To prove these Poems ; then in all I say
 No Learning lyes, though on the points I play.
 The *Latin* I do grant, by guess I got,
 Cannot well tell if it be true or not,
 I bruis'd my brains; dare not deny indeed,
 But in my haste, I have broke *Priscian's* head.
 I play'd my part, can now not labour longer,
 And am afraid, some hang themselves in anger.
 This Pamphlet I of purpose publish cheaper,
 My big Book's nigh nine hundred sheets of Paper.
 In short, beside so many motions made,
 This Sonnet says now, no more shall be said.

F I N I S.





A School-Master to Mr. Meicalf's Short-hand